

The Sketch



No. 481.—VOL. XXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE,
TO APPEAR AT THE ADELPHI ON MAY 1 IN A VERSION OF "SAPHO," BY CLYDE FITCH.
Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Kings and Automobiles—The Highlanders and their Kilts—The King's Home-Coming.

THE advantages of the automobile as a carriage for Kings were exemplified rather amusingly the other day in Brussels. King Leopold, returning from Biarritz, was met at the railway station by his motor-car. No sooner was he seated in it than he found himself in the presence of an assemblage waving red flags and cheering for a Republic. The King had fallen into the midst of the Socialists who were seeing off some Spanish Republican deputies who were being expelled by the police from the Belgian capital. The "chauffeur" went on at full-speed, and in a second the King was out of the crowd without it having to be recorded that "the coachman whipped up his horses and galloped for dear life." The other side of the shield, however, was shown in Italy, where the Princess Letitia Buonaparte, touring in Piedmont, was forced to walk many miles to the little town of Limone owing to a breakdown of her automobile, and where the King Victor Emmanuel found himself brought to a standstill by the foreman of a gang of road-menders, who treated the statement that he was the King of Italy as a joke, and proposed to take him to the nearest police-station and to charge him with not having complied with the necessary rules as to registration.

The alarm of the Scotch—and the English, too, for that matter—that the kilt might cease on active service to be part of the dress of Highland regiments was quite unfounded. Mr. Brodrick is a plucky statesman, but to take the kilt off a Highlander would need a bolder War Minister than he is. To the khaki kilts for active service there can be no possible objection. The long black line dotted with white which the tartan kilts and goat-hair sporrans of a Highland regiment advancing in line makes is a splendid target for an enemy many tens of thousands of yards distant to sight his guns on, but khaki kilts and leather purses are not open to this objection. I believe I am right in saying that a clansman whose tartan is of bright colours puts on a kilt of some sober hue if going out deer-stalking, and it is of the greatest importance that a Highlander should not be unnecessarily conspicuous when stalking his fellow man and being stalked in turn. The hackles in the helmets of the various corps distinguish one Highland regiment from another to an "A.D.C." galloping with orders, or anyone else who has to make sure of the identity of regiments very quickly.

The great Duke of Wellington laid much stress on having something distinctive in the head-dresses of regiments, and professed himself indifferent as to what other uniform his men wore. He had to look at lines of men in close proximity to each other, and he always in the Peninsular War glanced first at the men's heads when he wished to see whether they were French or English. The slouch-hat which so many of our regiments wear in South Africa have been answerable for a far greater proportion of the mistakes made in allowing Boers to approach too close to our columns than has all the slimness of our enemies in donning khaki.

In the Peninsular War, many of the Highland regiments suffered terribly from the cold, and, on a winter night in the Spanish mountains, happy was the kilted man who had a pair of trews to put on. When Abercromby led the Highlanders in Egypt, they suffered much from their legs being burnt by the sun, and on the days of the Magersfontein and Modder River fights some of the men of the Highland Brigade, who lay the whole day through under a blazing sun beating down upon them, had the exposed portion of their legs so badly blistered that they had, most unwillingly, to report themselves as sick after the actions. It is proof, however, of the *esprit de corps* of the Highland regiments that neither frost-bite nor sun-scald could ever move them from their love for the national garb.

It is, of course, only the envious Southron who ever recalls the fact that the kilt was the invention of an Englishman—or rather, of Englishwomen, for the daughters of an Englishman who had settled in Scotland first suggested to the men of the forest that, if they used part of the long strip of woollen cloth they wrapped round their shoulders as a kirtle, it would improve their personal appearance and also would be more in conformity with the ideas of civilisation as it was understood further south. This should give the English as well as the Scotch a strong interest in retaining the kilt.

The King has come back to an unfinished Palace, and has had to undergo many of the disagreeables that his subjects are enduring at the present moment, owing to a strike of painters, unfavourable weather, and the hundred other reasons for unfinished work that the painter and decorator gives the master of the house after the Easter holidays, when the ladders still lean against the house-front, the railings are sticky with new paint, and the front-door is in a scraped and unhealthy-looking state. It was curious on Saturday last to see the Royal Standard flying from the Palace roof, while all the blinds of the windows that look on to the Mall were drawn down. I think it was Thackeray who suggested that some of the families in the highest ranks of Society went out of town in the autumn by the simple expedient of living in their London houses with the blinds drawn down; but not even an Anarchist historian could find any reason for the King's blinds being down when he was really "at home."

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Mr. Rhodes' Requiem—The Crowded Cathedral—The Dead March in "Saul"—A Great and Reverent Silence—In St. Paul's Churchyard—Guernsey and the Bookmakers.

SELDOM has "The Man in the Street" attended a more impressive function than the Memorial Service which was held in St. Paul's Cathedral last Thursday at the hour when Mr. Cecil Rhodes was being buried in his lonely grave on the Matoppo Hills. The service was fixed for half-past two, but long before that time there was a great crowd outside the Cathedral, so that at half-past one the Dean ordered the West doors to be opened. In a quarter-of-an-hour, there was not standing-room left in the great church in that part of it which was open to "The Man in the Street," and, for an hour and three-quarters, men and women anxious to pay their last homage to the great Englishman who is dead stood packed closely together in silent reverence. It was a most remarkable ceremony and one which those who were present will never forget.

The choir and the space under the dome were railed off for officially invited guests and for the relatives and friends of Mr. Rhodes, and all the seats were filled by the time the service commenced. The band of the Coldstream Guards played for half-an-hour while the Lord Mayor and other official personages, who included the representatives of the King and Prince of Wales, were coming in, and the effect of the military music in the Cathedral, which I had never heard in England before, was something magnificent. Then the clergy entered, and everyone stood up, the appearance of the dense mass of black-coated mourners being most marked against the cold white of Wren's masterpiece. The service was most impressive, but I should have liked a better-known hymn-tune in which all could have joined, as from where I stood the voices of the choir seemed lost in the huge vault.

Then came the best and grandest part of the ceremony. In dead silence, the big drum gave three solemn beats, like distant guns, and then the massed drums began to roll, very softly at first, but culminating in a roar that reverberated like thunder through the Cathedral. This was repeated four or five times, and, as the rumbling of the drums died away, the wind-instruments began the low, wailing notes of the Dead March in "Saul." The whole vast congregation stood silently and with bowed heads as the terribly sad melody that seems harmonised to tears rang through the aisles, until the joyful notes of the last phrases gave way once more to the rolling bars of the drums. When the last thundering echo died away, the stillness was almost oppressive, but for a full minute no one moved. Then the congregation gradually melted away, without hurry and without confusion, and the life of the great Empire-builder was but a memory and an example.

What struck me most about the ceremony was the silence of the people. The great church was packed, so that hardly another man could have found room, and yet no one coughed or moved his chair. There was a flash of red as the King's representative passed up to the stalls, and a gleam of gold as the mace which accompanied the Lord Mayor went by above the heads of the close-packed people on either side of the gangway, but they passed silently through a silent throng. Even when the mourners rose and sat down, there was hardly a rustle audible, and only the voices of the clergy and the choir and the music of the soldiers and the organ broke the reverent stillness. "The Man in the Street" had seen nothing like it before.

Outside, those who had been unable to gain admission were standing silently and patiently against the chains which fence off the great semicircle in front of the Western doors. They were there long before the service began, and they were there at its close. Their presence was a tribute even more touching than that of those who entered the Cathedral to their admiration for the great man whom most of them had never seen, but to whose great love for England they wished to render the last tribute of respect. And so we "left him alone in his glory."

Betting-men are falling upon evil times. The small bookmaker who fulfils the wish of "The Man in the Street" to have a bit on has long been harried by the police, and the two great havens of refuge of the fraternity have been Flushing and Guernsey. But now a Special Committee of the Guernsey States, which was appointed to consider the question of the betting-agencies in the island, has reported against the bookmakers, and proposes to sweep them out of the country and to make all betting transactions in Guernsey null and void. I hope that the good folk will not go too far with their restrictive measures, or there will be a reaction. Nothing makes the average man, who neither drinks nor bets to excess, so willing to do both as the idea that his liberty is being curtailed to suit the book of self-nominated saints. Before now, the Puritans have defeated their own objects by the rigour with which they applied their worthy but too coercive measures. This is still, in some respects, a free country.

THE RHODES MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S

ON THURSDAY LAST



THE RUSH FOR PLACES IN THE CATHEDRAL.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE PARTY FROM THE GUILDHALL.



The Lord Mayor.

THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION ENTERING ST. PAUL'S.



Earl de Grey.

EARL DE GREY (REPRESENTING THE QUEEN) ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE AFTER THE SERVICE.



Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Balfour.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN GETTING INTO HIS CARRIAGE AFTER THE SERVICE.



Mr. Balfour.

MR. BALFOUR WAITING FOR HIS CARRIAGE AFTER THE SERVICE.

Photographs by Shield, Clapham Park, S.W.

DR. BARTON AND HIS AIR-SHIP.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE INVENTOR OF THE NEW ENGLISH AIR-SHIP THAT HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE.

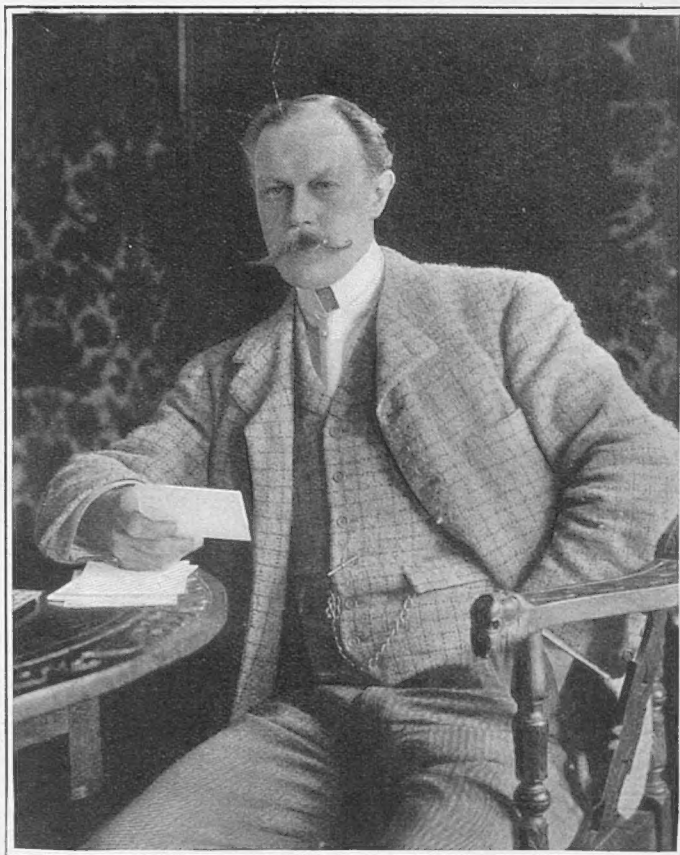
THE problem of the air-ship has now practically narrowed itself down to a keen contest between the man of Brazil, where the nuts come from, and the man of Kent, where nuts also abound: M. Santos-Dumont and Dr. Barton. The latter gentleman has had the honour and distinction of receiving an order from our War Office for one of his machines, a sufficient proof of its obvious advantages. The making of this is about to be commenced, and it must be finished before the year is out.

I recently waited upon Dr. Barton at his residence at Beckenham, and, like all inventors, I found him enthusiastic.

"Do you claim that your air-ship is superior to all others?" was my leading question.

"Yes!" emphatically replied the Doctor; "but," cautiously, "I don't claim that it is perfect. I have several improvements yet to be introduced. I am quite sure that the air-ship of M. Santos-Dumont will never be of any practical value, for the simple reason that he is unable to stay the wastage of gas. In my machine this is accomplished by means of the *aéroplanes*, which obviate the necessity of either releasing the gas or of using ballast. In fact, the solving of the problem of *aërial* navigation for practical purposes will be accomplished only when we are able to dispense with the balloon and rely solely upon the *aéroplanes*. This can be done by degrees—by gradually decreasing the capacity of the balloon and increasing the number of *aéroplanes*. By this means we safely arrive at a practical knowledge of the power and vagaries of the latter.

"Supposing we knew nothing of the art of swimming. We see a



DR. BARTON.

fish swim, and say, 'Why shouldn't a man swim?' We throw a man into the water, and, of course, he sinks. But fix a rope round him and give him a life-belt, and in time he will learn to safely dispense with these. In time, we shall learn to dispense safely with the balloon."

"What other features do you claim as improvements in your machine?"

"A net, stretching from end to end, which prevents the balloon coming in contact with any metal below, and the water-tank at each end to keep the machine horizontal, no matter how much moving about there is on 'deck.' The 'crew' consists of five; one each at the three motors, an *aéronaut*, and one at the steering-gear. We could keep in the air forty-eight hours, during which time we could travel a great distance; we should descend to renew the petrol, and on again."

At this juncture, I mentioned Sir Hiram Maxim's munificent prize offer of £50,000 for an air-ship. Dr. Barton had not heard of it, but he signified his intention of "looking into it."

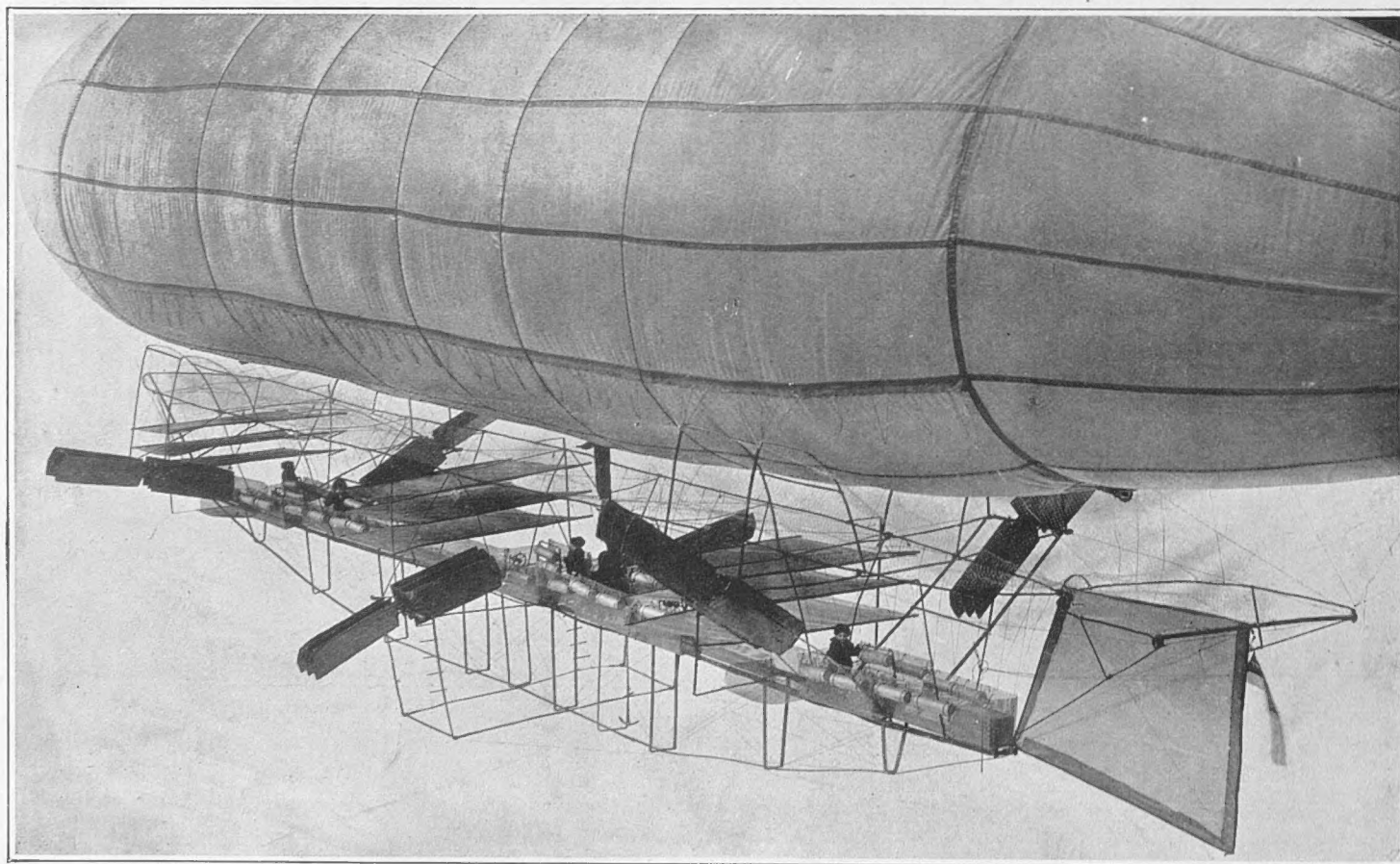
"Do you intend to compete," I asked, "for the £4000 Pearson prize-money?"

"No," replied Dr. Barton; "I shall not be ready in time. But, if

this were not so, I should not mind racing M. Santos-Dumont to Edinburgh."

Perhaps somebody will make another offer later, so that Dr. Barton could participate. It would be an interesting contest, hot to say exciting.

"I am going to show one of my models at the Royal Institution this afternoon at a *conversazione*," was the Doctor's concluding observation as I left.



THE MODEL OF DR. BARTON'S AIR-SHIP, APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE.

THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE RUDDER, STERN WATER-TANK, AND PETROL-TANKS ARRANGED ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE CAR, ALSO THE NETTING BELOW THE CAR.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.

FINAL TIE FOR THE ENGLISH CUP: THE RIVAL TEAMS.

THE MATCH WILL BE PLAYED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SATURDAY NEXT, APRIL 19.

Wilkinson. Johnson. Thicket. Foulke. Boyle. Hedley.



Bennett. Common. Needham (Captain). Priest. Lipsham.

THE SHEFFIELD UNITED TEAM.

Photograph by Redfern, Sheffield.

S. Meston. W. Henderson. Paddington. T. Bowman. G. Molyneux. Dr. E. H. Stancomb (Chairman).
C. B. Fry. J. W. Robinson. A. Lee.



A. Turner. H. Wood (Captain). A. Brown. E. Chadwick. J. Turner.

THE SOUTHAMPTON TEAM.

Photograph by the Globe Photographic Company, Southampton.

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 A COUNTRY MOUSE.
 A COUNTRY MOUSE.
 A COUNTRY MOUSE.

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 SATURDAY at 2.30. SPECIAL WEDNESDAY MATINEE April 16 at 2.30.

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 Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said
 Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
 same risk.

April 16, 1902.

Signature.....

SIR HENRY IRVING AT THE SAVAGE CLUB.

ON Saturday evening last, Sir Henry Irving was entertained by his
 fellow-members of the Savage Club at their usual house-dinner.
 The Club also extended its hospitality to Sir Henry's two sons,
 Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Laurence Irving. Dr. P. S. Abraham was in
 the chair, and amongst the many members who turned up to
 welcome home from America the distinguished actor-manager were
 Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Edward Terry,
 Sir W. P. Treloar, Sir J. D. Linton, R.I., Mr. E. J. Gregory,
 R.A., P.R.I., Mr. Robert Ganthony, Mr. Richard Ganthony,
 Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. J. M. Rogan,
 Mr. Douglas Almond, R.I., and Mr. Rob Sauber.

Sir Henry Irving, in the course of an extremely happy speech,
 said that expressions of goodwill from his brother Savages touched
 him, as an artist, very nearly, because they had that breezy absence of
 formality which was a sure sign of artistic fellowship. He had found
 similar warmth of kindness and imagination in America.

The usual concert followed the speech. Sir Henry, who remained
 in the Club for the greater part of the entertainment, appeared to be
 in excellent health and spirits. He was particularly delighted with
 Mr. Odell's recitation of an "Ode to the Goose."

"THE END OF A STORY," AT WYNDHAM'S.

MR. J. DUDLEY MORGAN, whose first play was presented by
 Mr. Wyndham on Saturday, is not an observer of life, but one
 of those people who, having an easy gift for writing, can turn
 out a sort of a play with a kind of a dramatic personnel without
 close reference to human life.

In many respects, the Wyndham's Theatre Company has been well
 fitted by the author. There is a capital Wyndham part for the Manager,
 who gets every ounce out of it, and in the second and the third Act
 really gripped the house; indeed, he was remarkably successful in
 giving strength by sheer dint of acting to scenes written with little
 skill. There is a capital Miss Mary Moore part, and the popular
 actress charmed her many admirers by her treatment of it. Mr. Alfred
 Bishop, too, was quite in his element, and there was nothing better in
 the piece than his quiet, amusing comedy. Perhaps, Miss May
 Congdon was rather overweighted by the part of Eleanor—a tough
 task for any actress—but she certainly acted with much intelligence
 and some power. Miss Joan Burnett made a little "hit" as a
 "singing chambermaid," though without the singing and the efforts at
 French accent we should all have been happier. Still, even the efforts
 of such a Company could not render "The End of a Story" very
 interesting.

BACK TO THE LAND.

The *County Gentleman* intends to do all it can to encourage "the
 Open Door to Rural England." With this view, it has started a "Free
 Register of Cheap Land" for those persons who desire to dispose of
 it at or under fifteen guineas an acre. The *County Gentleman* aims,
 too, at encouraging cheap and easy transport by the improving of the
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 expensive materials than brick and stone; the formation of Rifle
 Clubs in villages as a means not only of defence, but to add another
 interest to country life; and also to help and stimulate the Yeomanry
 movement. In a word, the *County Gentleman* is going to do its "best
 to get the door to the country wide open, and to keep it open."

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LOOK OUT NEXT WEEK FOR:

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

A NEW NOVEL

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MONA MACLEAN."

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King and the Scilly Islanders.

King Edward could not have chosen a more delightful time of year in which to see the beauties of the distant and yet celebrated Scilly Isles—indeed, the wonderful flower-farms for which the place is famous are during April at their very best, and Mr. Dorrien-Smith and his five pretty daughters must have felt many a thrill of pride as they showed their Sovereign the glories of their lovely island-home. The King's visit is the more interesting that, as is well known, the Dorrien-Smith family may truly claim to be the Sovereigns of those lonely islands—indeed, Mr. Dorrien-Smith is known by the proud title of Lord Proprietor.

His Majesty is said to have been particularly interested by the quaint local sights of St. Mary's, and he paid special attention to the great "Logan Stone," which, though estimated to weigh over three hundred and eighty tons, is quite easily swayed to and fro. The King also paid a visit to Star Castle, the splendid old fortress, now some four hundred years old, built by Sir Francis Godolphin. The Royal party appropriately wound up their pleasant excursion by having tea at

ardently welcome would be the addition of a baby-boy to the Imperial nursery. The Empress, who is a most devoted mother, has done all in her power to simplify her children's lives, but she has not been able to prevent their being surrounded with an extraordinary amount of barbaric pomp and grandeur. The time will doubtless come when these four Princesses will play a very important rôle in the diplomatic history of the twentieth century. The marriage of the then Duke of Edinburgh to the Emperor of Russia's only daughter healed many long-standing sores between this country and the great Northern Empire, and German statesmen are ardently hoping that the Crown Prince will remain single another ten or twelve years, in order that he also may choose a bride from among his country's traditional enemies.

President Roosevelt's Representative at the Coronation.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Editor of the *New York Tribune*, who is to represent Mr. Roosevelt at the Coronation, has two residences, one at 451, Madison Avenue, New York, and Ophir Farm, Purchase, State of New York. He was born at Xenia, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1837, and at the close of a brilliant University career entered



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND HER FAMILY OF GIRLS.

Photographs by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

Tresco Abbey, the fine residence of the Lord Proprietor, famed for its wonderful gardens, which actually include geranium-hedges more than six feet high.

The Queen in Denmark.

Glad as will be the country to welcome home Queen Alexandra once more, all must rejoice in the news that Her Majesty has spent a particularly delightful time in her old home. King Christian's birthday celebrations passed off with great *éclat*, and among the many gifts His Majesty received on the occasion, he will, doubtless, specially value those presented to him by his eldest daughter and by the Prince and Princess of Wales. These took the form, from the Queen, of a silver cigar-box, enriched with a fine enamelled view showing the arrival of King Edward and herself at Elsinore last year, and from the Prince and Princess of Wales of a very lovely service of English porcelain mounted in gold and silver.

An Imperial Quartette.

The four little daughters of the Emperor and Empress of Russia are in some ways the most interesting of our late beloved Sovereign's great-grandchildren, if Prince Edward, his brothers, and his sister be excepted. Of course, it is matter of common knowledge that the Russian Empire ardently desires the birth of a Czarewitch to the Czar and Czarina, but this fact has not been allowed to cast a cloud over the childhood of the four Grand Duchesses, and they probably, alone of all their father's subjects, are blissfully ignorant of how

the field of journalism, edited the *Xenia News* (1858-9), and became War-Correspondent and Legislative Correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. Afterwards he was successively a clerk to the Military Commission for Congress, 1862-3, Librarian of the House of Representatives, a cotton-planter, and joined the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune* in 1868, was Managing Editor in 1869, and has been Editor-in-Chief since 1872. He acted as United States Minister to France in 1889-92, was Special Ambassador to Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897; his two speeches at that event have been published. He has also published various books, including one "After the War," and "Problems of Expansion."

Major-General Sir Herbert Chermide.

Sir Herbert Chermide, the new Governor of Queensland, received an enthusiastic welcome on arrival at Brisbane to take up his appointment. The Premier, members of the Government, and the Mayor met him at the station, and his Excellency and Lady Chermide were accompanied to Government House by a procession of Friendly Societies and representatives of the local authorities. The city was decorated and the streets crowded with cheering spectators. Sir Herbert's reputation both as soldier and administrator, especially the success of his labours during the Cretan troubles, had gone before him, and it is confidently anticipated that, in conjunction with Sir George Clarke and Sir Edward Hutton, he will do much to advance the plan of Imperial defence as it affects Australia. This question is just now attracting much attention at the Antipodes.

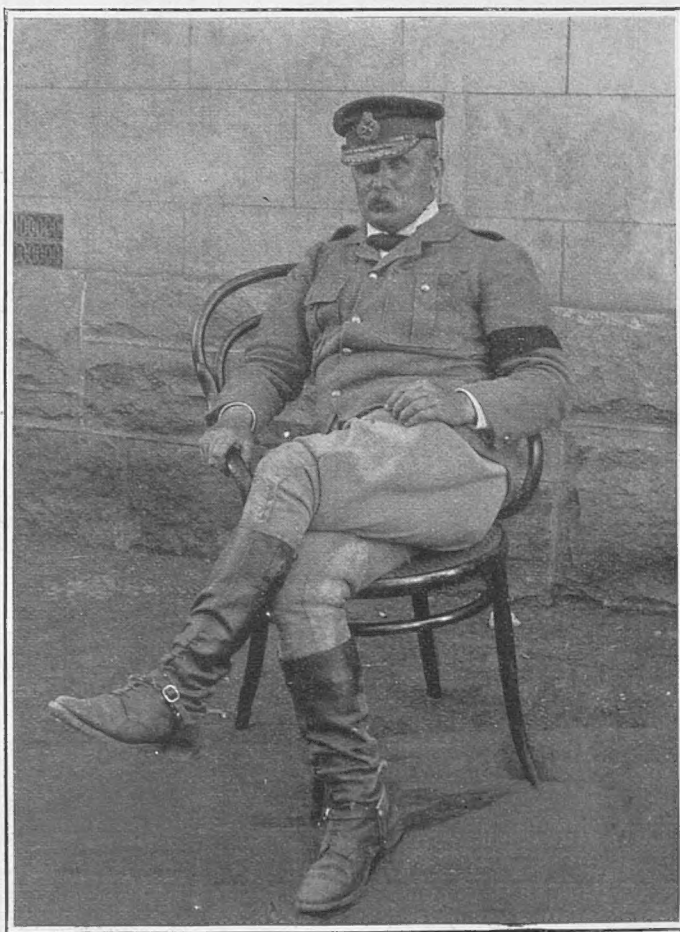
The King at St. Michael's Mount.

Quite as successful as His Majesty's visit to the Scilly Isles was the King's visit to Lord St. Levan's fairy-like home, St. Michael's Mount. It is quite possible that His Majesty's evident appreciation of the charms of Cornwall may make that portion of the British coast, known to its friends as the "English Riviera," popular among those who are on holiday-making intent. St. Michael's Mount is, in its own way, even more quaint and picturesque than its great rival, the Breton Mont St. Michel, but more than fifty years have gone by since a Sovereign of these realms honoured the Castle in the Sea with a visit. Lord St. Levan is devoted to his unique home, and has always done all in his power to preserve the special characteristics of the place. Very picturesque must have been the scene when the Master of the Mount, in his old-world barge, manned by boatmen costumed in red jackets, white frilled shirts, and apron-like divided skirts, made his way to the side of the Royal Yacht, where he and his elder son, Major the Hon. John St. Aubyn, were warmly welcomed by the King. Penzance was honoured by a Royal visit too.

Some New Royal Londoners.

When one comes to think of it, London has quite an important little Royal population of its own, and this week a real addition is being made to this select little group of Cockneys by Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who, with their daughter, Princess Victoria, are taking up their residence at Schonberg House, the fine old mansion in Pall Mall inhabited by many noted people, where Gainsborough once had his studio, and which, during the middle of the last century, was for a short while a bookseller's shop. It is rather odd, when one remembers that their Royal Highnesses' country residence is named Cumberland Lodge, to recollect that the famous Duke of Cumberland at one time lived in Schonberg House, a fact which may have somewhat influenced the late Sovereign in making the bequest of this valuable London property to her daughter. It is an open secret that Princess Christian, who is one of the most energetic members of the Royal Family, has long desired to have a London residence. She is actively interested in innumerable religious and philanthropic societies, and these will now be greatly strengthened and benefited by her presence in town during a considerable portion of each year.

The City is sure to play a great part in Coronation Week, and already wonderful stories are being told among those fortunate folk who are members of the Corporation as to the splendid fashion in which Gog and



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL FRENCH.

Taken by O'Byrne, Johannesburg.

Magog hope to entertain the country's Royal and Colonial visitors during the "merrie month of June." It is quite certain that the newly crowned King will be the guest of the Corporation at a splendid luncheon, and it is very probable that the popular Lord Mayor will find himself, at the end of the Coronation festivities, raised to the Peerage, while each Sheriff will join the great company of loyal Knights. The Lord Mayor is entitled to wear the most splendid costume at the actual Coronation ceremony, and it is to be hoped that he will don it not only on that wonderful occasion, for London Town has too little brilliancy, and the sight of the Lord Mayor in his splendid Coronation garments would certainly afford the keenest delight to thousands of Londoners.

Sir John French.

I give herewith the latest portrait of Lieutenant-General Sir John French, who is too well known to need any introduction. Sir John's continued service in South Africa still leaves the 1st Army Corps without its duly appointed Commander at home, though, as a matter of fact, most of the regiments composing it being at "the Front," perhaps it is as well that this is the case. Another honour has lately fallen to Sir John French's lot, since, in further recognition of his services in South Africa, he has been selected for the Colonelcy of the 19th (Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars, a particularly appropriate appointment seeing that practically all his regimental service was with this distinguished corps, including the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and that he rose through its commissioned ranks to be Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding. While in this position he brought the regiment into a state of smartness and efficiency second to that of no other corps in the British Army. It is seldom that a Regimental Colonelcy falls to an officer at such an early period of life, so both Sir John and the gallant Nineteenth may be congratulated on this occasion.

Lord Amherst of Hackney celebrates his birthday on the 25th of this month. Born in 1835, his Lordship by no means looks the age he has attained. Lord Amherst married in 1856 the only child of Admiral Robert Mitford, of Humanby Hall, Yorkshire, and of Mitford Castle, Northumberland. His eldest daughter married in 1885 Lord William Cecil, third son of the third Marquis of Exeter. By special limitation, Lady William Cecil is heiress to the Barony and will be a Peeress in her own right. Another daughter married, not long since, Mr. Cecil, M.P. She is a remarkably clever artist, and a year or two ago exhibited her wonderfully good water-colour sketches in Bond Street. The sketches were all of South African scenery.



MISS DULCIE PLOWDEN, ONE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS AT THE WEDDING OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LYTTON.

Photograph by J. Thomson.

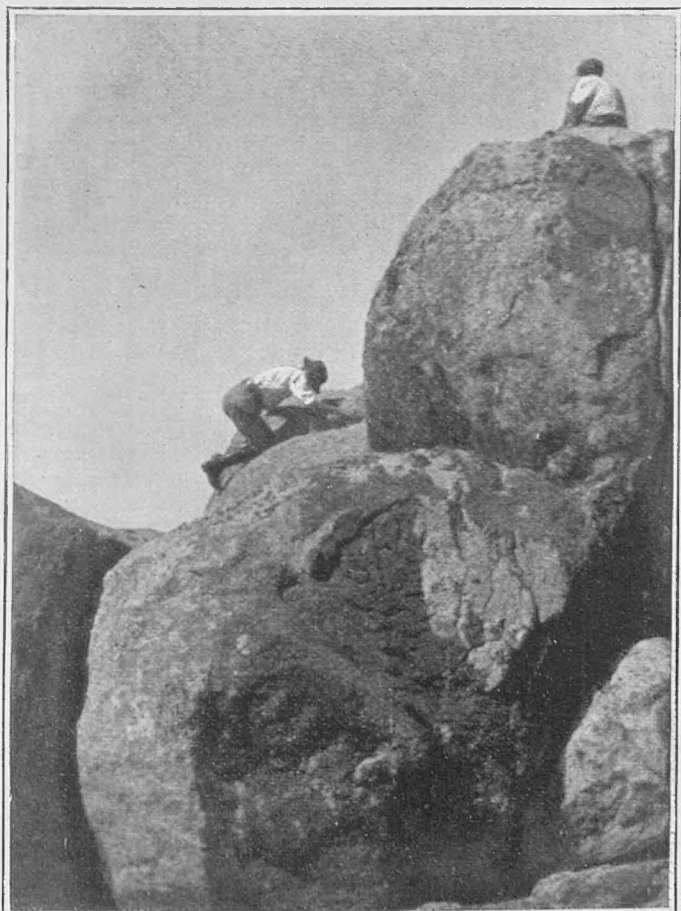
The Marquis of Breadalbane.

The Marquis of Breadalbane, who has just celebrated his sixty-first birthday, is a member of the great Clan Campbell, second only to the Duke of Argyll, of whose line he is a cadet. It was his direct ancestor who, being guardian of his nephew, the first Earl of Argyll, built for him the Castle of Inveraray. Another ancestor deserves well of his countrymen by being the first to turn his attention to the prosperity of the local lands. He enforced the planting of trees and other rural improvements. This Sir Duncan Campbell was known as "Black Duncan" or "Duncan with the Cowl," and seems to have been a man of considerable literary taste and a traveller who had wandered through England, France, and Flanders. He was created a Baronet, the Earldom of Breadalbane and Holland being conferred on the fifth holder of the title, Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, by the second Charles. Sir John seems to have been a canny Scot and knew which side his bread was buttered, for he dunned poor Lord Caithness, who owed him money, and obtained from him a "redeemable disposition of his whole estate and Earldom, with the hereditary jurisdictions and titles," which deed had for its effect the seizing of the same by Sir John when the right to the lands became absolute, namely, in six years. The King confirmed him in this, and in due time the worthy Baronet appears under the style and designation of Earl of Caithness, invading that county with a force of armed men to enforce his right.

It was then that for the first time was sung that song which has sometimes, particularly on the accession of James I., practically illustrated in London "The Campbells are Coming." Eventually, Charles II., convinced of his error, made Sir John drop the Caithness title by creating him Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, with remainder to whichever son he chose, which failing, to his heirs whatsoever, so that practically so long as the world lasts the Earldom of Breadalbane is pretty certain to survive. Strange to say, the Earl married the widow of his antagonist, Mary, Countess-Dowager of Caithness. He asserted the right specially granted to him, and, passing over the rightful heir, left his Earldom to his second son. The present Peer is the sixth Earl, and was created a Marquis in 1885. He has been Lord Steward of her late Majesty's Household, and Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He married the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Montrose, and occupies for his town abode the house in Cavendish Square in which the late eccentric Duke of Portland lived as a voluntary prisoner, raising round his garden an effective barrier to the curious gaze of his neighbours.

The "View of the World."

The accompanying picture would at any time be interesting, and since the publication of Mr. Rhodes' will, in which he not only expressed his desire to be buried in "a square to be cut out in the rock on the top of the hill," but also directed that the "View of the World" should be preserved as a burial-place for South Africa's great men, it



THE "VIEW OF THE WORLD": CECIL RHODES' RESTING-PLACE ON THE MATOPPO HILLS.

is doubly so. Here, too, is to be erected the monument to those brave fighters who fell at Shangani, in the first Matabele War, the bas-reliefs for which have been made by Mr. John Tweed. The Matoppos stretch in a north-easterly direction from Bulawayo for a distance of a hundred miles, their greatest breadth being thirty-five miles. The "View of the World" is situated about thirty miles from the Capital of Rhodesia, the scene from the top being impressive rather than picturesque. It is a silent and solemn region of granite hills, the ruggedness of which is toned down by the green foliage of the trees at the base and the azure of the South African sky above.



THE LATE EARL OF KIMBERLEY.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

To "The Man in the Street" the name of the late Earl of Kimberley is mainly associated with the Diamond Town of South Africa, to which his title was given in the early 'seventies, when he was Secretary for the Colonies, but he is worthy of memory for very much more than that.

During his long political career, he held, perhaps, more offices under the various Liberal Administrations than any of his contemporaries, and filled them all with distinction and ability. Overshadowed by the commanding figure of his leader, and seldom attaining to the prominence given by caricature, Lord Kimberley never received the public recognition to which he was justly entitled, but those who worked with him knew well and valued his sterling qualities. From the first, he was fascinated by foreign affairs, and, among other posts, he held at various times the positions of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Under-Secretary for India, Colonial Secretary, Secretary for India, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His Earldom came to him as a reward for his services as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland during the troublous years of the 'sixties. He was twice Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords.

Coronation Rumours.

Every day one hears new and strange rumours concerning the Coronation; the latest is about the Duke of Fife. It has been generally taken for granted that Lord Roberts, as Commander-in-Chief, would be appointed Lord High Constable, a post of great dignity and one borne on the occasion of the last Coronation by the great Duke of Wellington. It seems now thought that the King will bestow this honorary title on the Duke of Fife, in order to differentiate his British son-in-law from the non-Royal Dukes. It is also rumoured that there will be at least one Sovereign present at the Coronation, but, it need hardly be said, in no official capacity. This will be Her Majesty's brother, King George of Greece, who is extremely anxious to witness the great ceremony. Should he be present, he will probably occupy a place behind a screen, for it is quite against international Court etiquette for a reigning ruler to assist at another's crowning.

It is very easy to understand how eager King George must be to see the beautiful and stately ceremony, the more so that his favourite sister will play so prominent a rôle in the great function. An official item of news which has aroused a great deal of interest in military circles is that of the appointment of the Duke of Connaught to be in supreme command of the troops taking part in the military ceremonies connected with the Coronation. His Royal Highness will more or less divide the heavy responsibilities with his excellent Chief Staff-Officer, Major-General Sir Henry Trotter. Four other most competent officers—Major-General W. H. Mackinnon, Captain R. L. Wemyss (of the Navy), Major Carter, and Captain and Brevet-Major A. C. Waterfield—will also assist in the planning of all the arrangements. Those whom it may concern will probably be glad to know that the offices of the General Officer in charge of the Coronation military arrangements are at 14, Jermyn Street.

Why?

A well-known Parisian hostess has struck upon a novel but mysterious plan of entertaining her guests. On one evening, she and her husband invite only their male friends, and, on another, the ladies on their visiting-list. The innovation is said to be a big success, but where will the orange-blossoms flower?

Arundel Castle. This is one of the oldest and most historic castles in the whole of England. Of its actual origin it is difficult to give definitely the date, but it is enough for most people to know that it was referred to by Alfred the Great, and is mentioned in "Domesday Book." Like all such ancient buildings of any importance at all, it has seen some troublous times. Having on several occasions suffered the terrors of a siege, it was reduced to ruins in 1643, partly rebuilt by the eighth Duke of Norfolk in 1720, and finished by the tenth Duke in 1791. It has been very largely restored by the present Duke, whose favourite residence the Castle is, and, although the new parts of the building look a little bizarre at present, there remains a noble pile set upon a lordly eminence with which few can compare, especially as the park and the surrounding scenery generally are exceedingly beautiful. At all times liberal and good-natured, his Grace allows the tourist great advantages for seeing the whole of the Castle, and many are the sightseers who visit the place in the summer months.

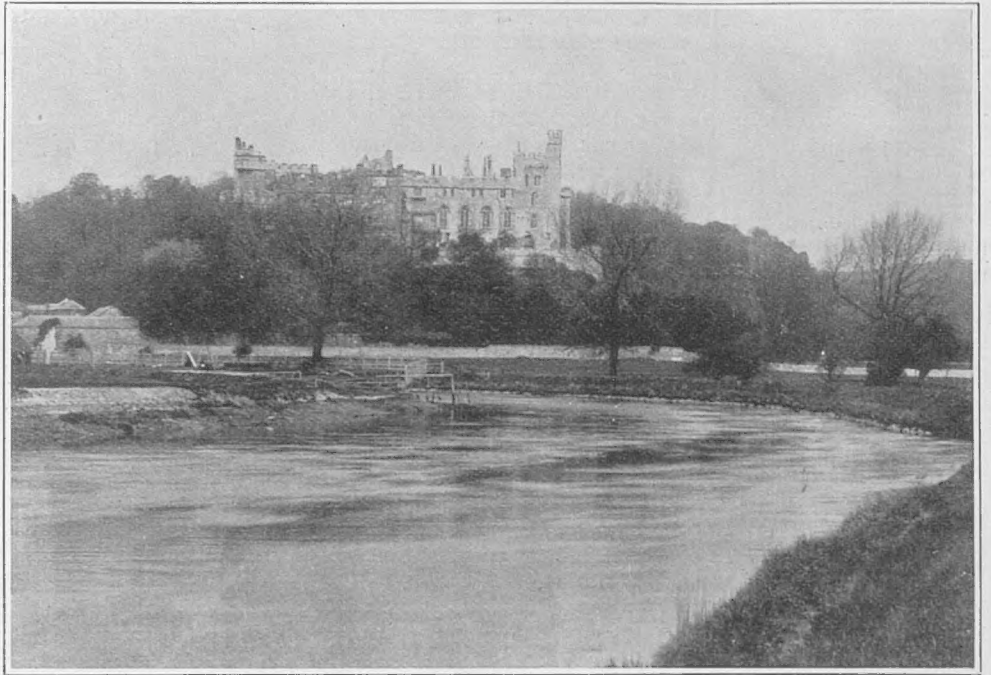
The Duke of Grafton.

The Duke of Grafton, whose place, Euston Hall, near Thetford, in Suffolk, has been the scene of a destructive fire, is a descendant of Charles II., a Sovereign who considerably added to the Ducal list. The other similar representatives of the "Merrie Monarch" are the Duke of St. Albans, his Grace of Richmond and Gordon, and the Duke of Buccleuch. This last Peer is not generally known to possess this semi-demi-Royal lineage, his surname being Scott. Nevertheless, only for the attainder of Charles's favourite son, His Majesty's descendant would now be Duke of Monmouth. That ill-fated nobleman married, by sagacious connivance of the King, his father, the beautiful heiress of the great Scott clan, in her own right Countess of Buccleuch, and accounted the greatest Peeress and finest woman of her time. She and her husband were afterwards created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, titles which were not affected by the subsequent attainder, trial, and death of his Grace, who in two senses lost his head over his princely birth and imaginary rights.

Sunshine at Brighton.

What is ecclesiastically termed "Low Sunday" brought sunshine in exchange for the incessant dampers of Saturday, but, notwithstanding a really fine day, few people ventured to Brighton from the Metropolis to avail themselves of it. Mr. Fletcher Moulton, however, taking King's counsel with himself, was an exception, and looked as if he would like to add the atmospheric influences of ozone to his collection of patents. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, too, regaled himself with a survey of the horizon, as if the passing ships, manned by his creations, brought him suggestions from Space. Turning from imagination to fact, the figure of Sir Thomas Tacon, seen upon the "Front," was the living personification of John Bull. But it is a John Bull indifferent to the outer manifestations of millinery pomp. Sir Thomas affects the homely

in his get-up—as original in its way as is that which distinguishes Sir Walter Gilbey. There comes to one the recollection of turnip-tops and stubble-fields in the sight of the honourable Baronet as he appears along the King's Road, clad in a blending of brown shaped to the limb, with sporting-coat to match. Among others to be seen on Sunday were Lord Farquhar, General Stracey and his sister, Mrs. Tharp, the Marquess de Fontana, Mr. Cecil Brownlow, Major and Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. French-Brewster, Mr. Frank Wright,



ARUNDEL CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

who has been entertaining a good deal at the Métropole, and Admiral Sir Robert More-Molyneux. Princess Alexis Dolgorouki has been staying for some days with Mrs. Cooper at Hove. Amongst the departures are Lady Romney, who has exchanged Brighton for Bexhill-on-Sea, Sir Edward Lawson, the Dowager Lady Esher, and Lady Lindsay, who left the Métropole for London.

The Speaker at the Mansion House.

Mr. Gully, who is being entertained to-night (April 16) by the Lord Mayor, is one of those fortunate statesmen whom all unite to praise. It is sometimes said that only the fortunate born more or less in the purple has a chance of achieving really great success in the House of Commons. Mr. Gully has proved the contrary, for his father was simply a fairly well-known and popular medical man. Yet another interesting point concerning the popular Speaker's beginnings is the fact that he did not enjoy the privilege, if privilege it be, of a Public School education, for he was educated privately at home, and he was only sixteen when he became an Undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge. There, notwithstanding his youth, he became very popular. Mr. Gully, in spite of his handsome presence and air of authority, is really a very modest man. The story goes that on one occasion, when enjoying a brief holiday in Scotland, he was taken to call on some friends of his host and hostess, being, of course, introduced to them only as "Mr. Gully." The old laird on whom the call was made flattered himself on his wide knowledge of politics, and, as ill-luck would have it, he launched out as to the little-known rights and privileges of the Chair. Mr. Gully not unnaturally ventured to disagree with some of his statements, whereupon at last the old Scotchman, with considerable choler, inquired angrily, "Might I ask by what right you lay down the law?" "Well, you see," replied Mr. Gully, diffidently, "I am the Speaker!"

Amateur Lifeboatmen.

The picture I am able to present herewith of the Kingstown Amateur Lifeboat Crew is interesting from more than one point of view, for it marks a new departure in connection with life-saving at sea. One is not accustomed to associate amateurs with such dangerous work as is performed by those hardy mariners who so nobly risk their lives in the attempt to save others from perishing, and I understand that this is the first Amateur Crew which has received permission from the Royal National Lifeboat Institution to supplement the official organisation in case of necessity. All honour to Kingstown and her brave Irish Lifeboatmen.



KINGSTOWN AMATEUR LIFEBOAT CREW PRACTISING IN KINGSTOWN HARBOUR. THIS IS THE FIRST AMATEUR CREW WHICH HAS RECEIVED PERMISSION FROM THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION TO SUPPLEMENT THE OFFICIAL ORGANISATION IN CASE OF NECESSITY.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

A Theatrical Wedding.

A marriage that should be very interesting to those connected with or fond of the stage is the one arranged to take place on the 24th inst. between Mr. M. V. Leveaux and Miss Ethelwyn Jones. Mr. Leveaux is Mr. Arthur Bouchier's Acting-Manager at the Garrick, and, though he is known as "the youngest Acting-Manager in London," he is, nevertheless, one of the smartest and most courteous of men "in front." It is the opinion of all who have met Mr. Leveaux that he has a bright future in store. Miss Ethelwyn Jones is the eldest daughter of the distinguished dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Having a fancy to "go upon the stage," Miss Jones was sent by her father touring in certain of his plays, such as "The Manœuvres of Jane," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," &c., in order that she might "learn her business," as they say on the boards. After this useful experience, the young histrion duly appeared in London. At the time of writing, Miss Ethelwyn Jones is acting—and acting artistically—at the Duke of York's in her father's latest play, "The Princess's Nose." The many friends of the young couple will, I am sure, join me in heartily wishing them every happiness in their wedded life.

My photo of Miss Ethelwyn Jones as Pharaoh's Daughter requires a little explanation. The scene here pictured is not represented on the stage, but is supposed to occur "off" during the action of the piece. Miss Jones and the photographer have contrived to indicate, in this pretty photo, the idea of the tableau as suggested by the dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. It should be added that the lady appears on the stage in this costume, although the bulrushes and the little Moses are merely studio "props."

To-morrow (Thursday) night, Mrs. Langtry will revive, at the Imperial, Mr. Sydney Grundy's somewhat audacious comedy, "The Degenerates." Mrs. Langtry has engaged an excellent Company.

Mr. F. R. Benson, who has already started his Shakspeare Celebration performances at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, will next Wednesday, which is the anniversary of Shakspeare's birthday, give a grand revival of "Henry the Eighth." In this, Miss Ellen Terry will make her first reappearance in England (since her return from America) as the maligned Queen Katherine of Aragon.

To-morrow (Thursday), that eccentric but powerful genius, M. Jean Richepin, will deliver a lecture on the French drama and cognate subjects at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill.

Mr. Lewis Waller, who is set free by Mrs. Langtry's revival of "The Degenerates," is, I learn, about to try on his own account a new "King Arthur" play, written by Mr. Frank B. Money Coutts. Mr. Coutts, who is a relative of the Coutts's, has ere now sought renown in the more or less gentle art of play-writing. But hitherto he has in this connection mostly called himself "Frank Latimer."

A German Air-ship. It is said that the German Emperor takes the very keenest interest in a new air-ship of German construction, the invention of a veteran German scientist, Herr Hermann Ganswindt. This new flying-machine is not cigar-shaped, and its superiority over all existing models is said to be that it works by means of motor-propelled aluminium-plated wings. The Chief of the German Staff has paid a visit of inspection to the Ganswindt air-ship, and a number of well-known Germans have joined the Committee.

A FORTHCOMING THEATRICAL WEDDING.



MR. MONTAGUE LEVEAUX, ACTING-MANAGER AT THE GARRICK.



MISS ETHELWYN JONES, DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS DRAMATIST.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS ETHELWYN JONES AS PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER IN "THE PRINCESS'S NOSE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

A Foreign Office Novel.

In a branch of fiction which Mr. William Le Queux has made his own, displaying exceptional inventive power in his plots turning on daring conspiracies to discover Foreign Office secrets, a bold bid for popularity has been made in "A Blow Over the Heart," by Mr. Robert Machray, an experienced journalist, whose novel of "The Vision Splendid," written in conjunction with Miss Florence Bright, rather ruffled some of the doves of Stageland.

A Novel with a Purpose.

Mr. Machray's clever new romance, "A Blow Over the Heart," might well have been entitled "A Foreign Office Delilah." It is a novel written with a purpose—that of demonstrating the grave international peril run by the alleged system of employing at the Foreign Office compositors to set up and "readers" to revise important State papers the publication of which might endanger the peace of Europe. I feel pretty sure that, in real life, no such vital secret treaty as that which figures in the story would be entrusted to subordinates. But the conception of this loose way of conducting business at the Foreign Office is deemed essential to build up "A Blow Over the Heart," in which sympathy is enlisted for the unjustly persecuted Press "reader," and for his devoted sweetheart, Winifred Somers, who ultimately clears his fair fame, the guilt of treason being fastened upon a high-placed Foreign Office clerk (the supposititious heir to a title), who had disposed of a copy of the treaty to satisfy the greed of his Delilah, who, in her turn, sold it to a French agent. Mr. Machray's clever character-sketches at the Bloomsbury boarding-house where the arch-adventuress and the hero and heroine meet are the more interesting from the current rumour that some fashionable people are this season pitching their tents in the Russell Square region. Take it for all in all, "A Blow Over the Heart" may be pronounced one of the most interesting novels Messrs. Chatto and Windus have issued this year.

Another Anecdote About the Kaiser.

There seems to be a kind of epidemic of anecdote-telling here about the Kaiser (writes my Berlin Correspondent). The following, if true, is amusing, and, if invented, is certainly *ben trovato*. An American gentleman had succeeded in persuading a friend of his to present him to the Emperor, for whom he entertained the very greatest admiration. On an occasion arising, the friend duly presented the American to His Majesty. The American, however, instead of observing the usual customs in vogue, enthusiastically seized the Kaiser's hand, shook it heartily, and said, "I am glad to meet such an enterprising young man. That's just the sort of thing we admire in America." The Kaiser was, naturally, greatly taken aback, but, none the less, good-humouredly conversed most affably with the Yankee for some time. Afterwards, however, he remarked to one of his entourage, "Never in my life have I been addressed like that."

Prince Henry and the Policeman.

Prince Henry has of late been the guest, together with his Consort, of the Grand Duke of Hesse. The other day, the trio were gaily cycling near Heidelberg, and, as the roads were excessively muddy, they took to the foot-path, the Grand Duke some way ahead of his guests. All of a sudden, the Grand Duke heard a gruff voice shout in his ear, "Halt! Dismount!" He meekly obeyed the command, knowing he was in the wrong. The policeman rated him soundly for riding on the

foot-path, and then asked for his name and address. He gave it immediately, and asked the burly "Bobby" to say nothing to those following, as they were the Prince and Princess Henry respectively. He himself, however, had to pay the usual fine of seven-and-sixpence.

Royally at Potsdam.

Her Majesty the German Empress will be leaving Potsdam for Badenweiler at the end of May or the beginning of June. As far as is at present arranged, Her Majesty intends going with Princess Feodora, her sister, and the two children, Prince Joachim and Princess Victoria Louisa, to Schloss Hausbaden, near Badenweiler, where the Queen of Holland spent a portion of the spring three years ago. Meanwhile, I may add that the Orangery opposite the Sans-souci grounds at Potsdam is shortly to be tenanted by no less a person than the Shah. The last Eastern Royal visitor to occupy this palace was the messenger from China, the childlike, youthful Chun.

Prince Frederick Leopold

took his children the other day for a splendid drive in a motor-car all round Potsdam, much to their delight. The Prince is a keen sportsman, and drove in a motor-car all the way from Jueterbog to his Palace at Klein Glienicke in one afternoon between lunch and tea-time. His Royal Highness has just been having a lovely riding-course made for his little sons in the home park; interspersed are all kinds of obstacles, in the shape of hurdles, gorse hedges, real water-jumps, and so forth. The youngest boy, aged seven, has not yet been promoted to a horse; he has to content himself with a nice little bicycle, so small and light that it can be held above one's head with ease in one hand.



MR. ROBERT MACHRAY, AUTHOR OF
"A BLOW OVER THE HEART."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

"Chuck-Chuck" in Berlin.

A new game of a most fascinating nature is attracting the attention of all the sport-loving members of the English Colony in Berlin (adds my Correspondent). The name of this newly invented game would seem to imply that the missile with which it is played was "chucked" from one place to another. Such, however, is not the case. When the game was first invented, it differed in several points from its present state, and a certain amount of chucking was necessary. Now, however, the name "Shove-Shove" would be far more appropriate.

To all intents and purposes, the game is a kind of household "curling." It is played on a well-polished parquet floor, some ten yards in length. The granite stones used in curling are replaced by felt discs, which are shoved as near to the goal as possible by a simple, fork-shaped stick. It is a game of decided possibilities; it affords ample scope for much practice, and is, in every sense of the word, a social and sociable game. The inventor is a Scotchman, residing in Berlin.

Last Wednesday (April 9), a tournament was held in one of the chief hotels in Berlin, some four hundred people being present. Many members of the British Embassy were spectators, and numerous representatives of Berlin Society, both German and English. Prominent among the teams were those of the Anglo-American Club, who are taking up the game most enthusiastically. The German Students' Academic Club is also entering for the "Chuck-Chuck" tournament. It seems that the game is likely to oust Ping-Pong, at any rate among the Germans. It certainly has one or two advantages over Ping-Pong: it is quite noiseless and far less heating and fatiguing, and is, in fact, a much more graceful and elegant game in every way than its noisy and somewhat irritating rival.



TRIAL TRIP OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S YACHT, "METEOR III," AT NEW YORK,
MARCH 31, 1902.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

"Oh Yes; Very Well!"

The reappearance of Georges Clémenceau in public as Senator for the Var is interesting (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Clémenceau, who is probably the greatest Ministry-wrecker in France, lost his seat as a deputy for the same constituency in a curious fashion. At the time of the election, the relations between England and France were strained. His opponent played the card of saying that he was sold to England, and every time Clémenceau opened his mouth at a public meeting he was greeted with, "Oh yes; very well!" and could never get a word in. I remember an amusing story of Clémenceau. When he was Mayor of Montmartre, he practised as a doctor, but entirely gratuitously. One day, when he was very pressed for time and had only twenty minutes to get to the Chamber of Deputies, his valet announced the arrival of another patient. "Tell him to strip," said Clémenceau; and five minutes later he had overhauled the man. "But there's nothing the matter with you," said Clémenceau. "No, M'sieu le Député, I only came to ask you to get my sister a place in the post-office of our village," he whined.

The Gavarni Festival.

The fête in honour of Gavarni at the Moulin Rouge was exceptionally gay, but suffered through mismanagement. It was firmly announced that only those in the costumes of the Louis Philippe period would be admitted; but, at the last moment, a concession was made to any fancy-dress costume. It was, accordingly, a medley and not an historic tableau. Amongst others I noticed in costume was Gérôme, who arrived in State as Louis Philippe; Willette, who received him; and Jules Roques, as a policeman of the period. The cars were very artistic, but the *figurantes* seemed uncertain as to whether it was to be a repetition of the famous Bal de Quatz'Arts charivari or a steady and five-o'clock tea-party affair.

It is astounding the interest that the Parisian is taking in the Coronation fêtes, and it entirely dwarfs M. Loubet's Russian visit. Elaborate articles are devoted to every detail of historical interest, and reams are written about the dresses of the Court. Excursions without number will be run, and in every town of importance the English colony are organising joyful junketings for the children and more sedate pleasures for themselves.

A Dangerous Experiment.

There is a sense of disgust in the Temperance Society of the Tenth Arrondissement. The Mayor himself welcomed it at the Mairie, and the lecturer announced that he should prove indisputably that alcohol was sudden death. Four guinea-pigs had been inoculated, three with spirits and one with pure water. After much testimony and talking, a callous and cold-blooded cynic asked to see the guinea-pigs. Three of them were as lively as crickets, but the water-drinker was in such a deplorable state that a *teaspoonful of brandy* had to be administered to save its life. The lecturer scientist left by a side-door.

A Delightful Ride.

The public automobile-cab companies are at last getting into order. At the Place de l'Opéra it is now possible to get a comfortable brougham for two, and for six francs the chauffeur guarantees you a twenty-kilometre spin. I risked the money the other day, and saw miles of the Bois, Saint Cloud, and had a turn round the great fortress of Mont Valérien. It is a distinct addition to Paris pleasure. By the way, the run to Rouen, say, for lunch and back to Paris in time for dinner is only a fraction above the railway fare.

Bignon's Bitterness. The death of the famous restaurateur, Bignon, recalls some stories of interest. He was amongst the first to see that the enormously highly priced cafés had seen their day, and, selling the famous house in the Avenue to the Opera, he retired into private life. An amusing story of revenge is told. One night of an Opera Ball, a gay party trooped in and persisted in being served by Bignon himself. The old gentleman was in bed, but he got up and threw the traditional serviette of the waiter across his arm. When the bill was sent up, there was a grief that could have been photographed among the party. At the end of a financially much-spiced note appeared, "For being served by Bignon, 1000 francs." He got the money after many protests and handed it over to a charity.

Paris as an Aviary. The police have refused to Mdle. Eugénie Buffet the authorisation to open a Montmartre cabaret. Sooner or later, Fate was bound to avenge the Lutetian. It is just seven years ago, I remember, that Eugénie decided to found a charitable work. She thought that many thousand francs could be secured if she and two or three musicians played in the courtyard of the hotels. Some capital songs were written for her and the success was enormous. She always appeared bareheaded and with an apron on.

Unfortunately, before a week was out every Jew's-harp and rusty mandoline was at work, and from morning till night Paris was given up to an infernal din that not even the word "charity" could excuse.

There is a movement to establish in Paris a permanent theatre where only Shaksperian plays would be mounted, in English.

The celebrated Siamese-twin has just been baptised, with the Marquise de Rouvier as her god-mother. She still ignores the death of Doodica and takes special care of her dollies.

No less than two hundred and fifty gardeners are employed, year in and year out, to watch over the flowers that render Paris so exquisite. The Auteuil Conservatory, where they are all produced, is superintended by

men who are positive scientists in the art, and it is rare that the designs in the gardens are spoiled by a withered flower. With the incoming of spring they are sending out flowers by the million.

Réjane in London. Mr. Arthur Lewis tells me that Réjane will content herself in her London season at the Imperial with "Zaza" the so-much-debated and "Sapho." She would have liked to include "La Passerelle," but this is hardly possible in so short a stay. And then for a long farewell to the famous artiste.

THE POPE'S CORONATION REPRESENTATIVES.

I publish an exceedingly interesting and striking group of the Apostolic Mission coming over to represent His Holiness the Pope at the Coronation of King Edward. It is headed by Mgr. Granito, Prince di Belmonte, Papal Nuncio of Brussels, with whom are two high officers of State in His Holiness's Household in their full-dress, the quaint, ancient Italian one of his "esquire" being particularly fascinating. The Mission will be the guests of the Duke of Norfolk, at Norfolk House, St. James's, during its stay here. The Nuncio is the bearer of an autograph letter from the Pope to His Majesty, and some rare ecclesiastical presents, such as he sent to the late Queen.



THE APOSTOLIC MISSION OF THE POPE TO REPRESENT HIS HOLINESS AT THE CORONATION.

Photograph by Eméra, Brussels.



I WITNESS A WEDDING—FROM A SAFE DISTANCE.

I MAKE it a rule of my life, Dollie-dear, never to attend prize-fights or weddings. Not, of course, that there is any real danger to the spectators of prize-fights or weddings, but it is just possible that a sight of the ring—of either kind—might incite me to do something rash. I have no desire to lose my head at the National Sporting Club, nor do I yearn to give myself away at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

It was quite by accident, therefore, that I witnessed, the other day, the pretty ceremony that I shall try to describe for your benefit. I was cycling, as gently as is my wont, through an old-world village in the heart of Oxfordshire, when, turning a corner somewhat suddenly, I very nearly came into collision with the village fly. In an ordinary way, probably, I should just have avoided the vehicle with all the skill at my disposal, and continued my journey with a smiling countenance upturned to meet the sun. But there was such an air of festivity about this particular equipage that I was loth to part with it. The fly, *quâ* fly, was much the same as other village flies, but the driver had a buttonhole in his coat, a ribbon on his whip, and a smile on his face that could mean one thing only—a wedding. The old horse, decked out in a similar manner, was just as pleased with himself as the jarvey; indeed, from the senile grin upon his countenance, one might almost have thought that he had made his morning meal off champagne and wedding-cake.

I turned, therefore, and followed the fly. Presently we pulled up before a humble residence, and through the open door of the cottage I saw a large table loaded with cold meats, jugs of ale, and loaves of bread. This, of course, was the bridal feast, and it seemed to me to compare well, in point of hospitality, with the cucumber sandwich of rank or the insipid claret-cup of fashion.

Amidst faint murmurs of approval from her open-mouthed acquaintances grouped around the front-door, the bride came out and climbed into the cab. She was clad, evidently, in her going-away dress—a dainty, emerald-coloured confection that saddened the countenance of the village green as surely as a storm-cloud darkens the sun. There were three bridesmaids, each of

and her bosom swelling with a sense of exultant importance. The fly, wonderful vehicle, made room for her, too. Then the door was banged, the driver sounded his whip with an inspired crack, the old horse threw out his legs with the recklessness born of a bursting heart, and we set out for the church.

It was not very far to go, and, before any of us had had time to realise the solemnity of the occasion, we found ourselves assembled within the grey-cool edifice. If I were a painter, I should like to put that scene on canvas—the darkened church, with its oaken pews, its stately pillars, its peaceful chancel; the village-folk in their simple, everyday attire; the priest, white-surplised, standing at the chancel-steps; and, before him, two humble, trusting members of God's great family, waiting, hand-in-hand, for the words of Divine blessing before going out together into the storm and sunshine, the joy and trouble, of Life's world.

The bride and bridegroom were perfectly self-possessed, the bridesmaids had their emotions well in hand, and the best man, when once he had taken his bearings, kept his boots glued to the floor with a determination that betokened the hero born. The only person who really showed marked signs of agitation was the bride's brother, and he, poor fellow, was rendered acutely miserable by the knowledge that he was expected to give the bride away and hadn't the least idea how to do it.

His hat, too, troubled him not a little. He began by holding it in his hand, but somebody whispered to him to put it down. So he put it in a seat hard by, with the result that a short-sighted friend sat on it. After pushing the thing into shape with a pop, he placed it carefully upon the floor; here, it was quite safe until, forgetting its whereabouts, he trod on it himself. Finally, one of the bridesmaids kindly took charge of it for him, and then, save that he looked at her from time to time with an anxious, questioning glance, his mind seemed to be, on that particular score, at rest.

The only mistake he made in giving his sister away was that, instead of acknowledging his responsibility at the right moment with a dignified inclination of the head, he stepped up to the parson and shook that gentleman warmly by the hand.

The knot securely tied, we trooped out into the sunlight and waited for the happy couple to come forth. During the interval that elapsed whilst the register was being crossed and marked and generally maltreated, I was free

to observe the effect of the occasion upon the compeers of the happy couple and to contrast their states of mind with my own. For, personally speaking, the solemn words of the Marriage Service had unnerved me to a quite remarkable degree. "To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part." I felt perfectly certain, in my own mind, that I could never do it.

Not so the youths and maidens lining the path from the church-porch to the lich-gate on that sunny April morning. Indeed, I think the example that had just been set them, so far from acting as a solemn warning, was more than likely to excite a spirit of emulation in that little Oxfordshire village. At any rate, so I argued from the challenging glances of the young men and the answering blushes and coquettings of the girls.

And then, at last, the young husband and wife came out of the church—he, awkward, red, stumbling; she, radiant, triumphant, happy. We pelted them with confetti; chaffed them; asked blessings on them. Only one gnarled old woman, brushing away a tear with the corner of her apron, muttered to the gravestones in a series of philosophical negatives: "Eh, well! None on us never knows nothink!"

A SHORT-SIGHTED FRIEND SAT ON IT.



THE BRIDE CAME OUT.



THE OLD HORSE THREW OUT HIS LEGS.

whose gowns might teach the ribbons of the rainbow a brighter hue. They, also, got into the cab. Finally, came forth from that homely nest the mother of the bride, her honest face aglow with excitement

"Chicot"



MISS MADGE VINCENT,
ONE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.
Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, PORTSEA, AND HIS CURATES.

UNIQUE in the Church-work of our time is the parish of Portsea. It claims this distinction by reason of the fact that its Vicar is assisted by a greater number of curates than is the Vicar of any other parish in the country, for they number fourteen, whereas Great Yarmouth, which approaches it, has only eleven. Besides this, Portsea is probably the largest parish in the kingdom, though the authorities are not quite at one on the point, for its population is variously given at forty and forty-five thousand. If the former figure is correct, then Great Yarmouth claims equality, but if the latter figure is right, it must yield precedence to the unfashionable suburb of Portsmouth, even though the area covered by the two parishes is not equal.

The fact that it is a seaport is obviously one reason why the parish is so difficult to work, that it needs so many men who take to their spiritual labours that enthusiastic devotion which overcomes obstacles—obstacles which any other method of attack would find almost, if not quite, insurmountable. Mr. Wilson's curates are, it need hardly be

FISHING FOR TROUT IN THE THAMES.

TO many the First of April is associated only with fools, but to others it means the chance—a small one, I admit—of sport in the Thames. To me, Molesey appeared not only the most picturesque spot within reasonable distance of town, but, at the same time, offering the best prospects of sport. Accordingly, I repaired to the riverside armed with my favourite spinning-rod and landing-net.

To reach the spot where I intended commencing operations was more difficult than I at first imagined. The water was rushing over the weir with almost irresistible force, causing currents and whirlpools which made it a matter of considerable difficulty to manœuvre the boat into the position I had chosen.

After a few futile efforts, I anchored in a spot commanding a beautiful series of currents in mid-stream and some likely little places under the left bank. A fine fat gudgeon on a Francis flight was the tackle selected for my trial. Half-an-hour's assiduous spinning and I had a run from a small fish, which, after a few kicks and jumps, was brought to the boat and returned to the water. Moving farther downstream and exchanging the gudgeon for a phantom minnow, there was a sudden tightening of the line and the sound of the check

Mr. Hewitt (Parish Clerk). Rev. N. M. Lang. Rev. C. F. Garbett. Rev. G. B. Raikes. Rev. B. M. Hawes. Rev. C. S. Carey.
Rev. A. A. Mayhew. Rev. E. P. Luard. Rev. F. M. Wallington. Rev. Bernard Wilson (Vicar). Rev. A. R. Warburton. Rev. J. Stanning. Rev. R. Wells.



Rev. J. P. W. Green.

Rev. B. W. Keymer.

Rev. C. J. Holmes.

THE REV. BERNARD WILSON, M.A., VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, PORTSEA, AND HIS CURATES.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

said, members of the two older Universities, from which, indeed, some of them have gone direct to their present position, while one or two have been schoolmasters. Notable among them is Mr. E. P. Luard, for he was an assistant-master at the Leeds Grammar School, and later on at Saffron Walden. As may be imagined, however, the Universities are by no means equally represented, for only four of them are Cambridge men, the others being from Oxford, in which fact they resemble Mr. Wilson, as well as in the other that the majority of them were educated at Keble College.

Mr. Wilson was, indeed, a Scholar of Keble, and, after serving a three years' term as Curate of All Souls, Leeds, he became Chaplain to the Bishop of Brisbane in 1885, and went out to Australia, where, next year, he became Vicar of St. John's Pro-Cathedral, and he held both offices until 1891, when he returned home to accept the Curacy of All Hallows, Barking. In the following year he became Rector of Kettering, and, two years later, Rural Dean of Weldon; but in 1898 he became Head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, where he remained until last May, when he was appointed to his present position, in succession to the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, who was consecrated Bishop of Stepney. The East of London was an excellent preparation for the present position; but, large as the parish is in the eyes of the Londoner, it contains only about a third of the population to which Mr. Wilson now spiritually administers with such marked success and in so whole-souled and sympathetic a manner.

as the line ran off the winch. This time it was a really good fish, which, after affording a few minutes' sport, turned out to be not a trout, but a Jack, and was, of course, promptly returned.

After this little contretemps it seemed desirable to adjourn for lunch and a rest prior to a stiff row against the stream of the backwater.

Leaving the main stream and rowing up Molesey Backwater, you are apt to forget the proximity of the great city and to half-believe yourself on one of the beautiful North Country streams, or the clear, rushing rivers of the Ardennes. Here the Thames rushes down like a mill-race between overhanging banks covered with willow and brushwood, and past many a gnarled root under which may lurk one of the spotted beauties whose capture brings joy to the heart of the angler. Rowing is hard work indeed; there is no time to pause and admire the scene till safely anchored under the weir.

I still give preference to the phantom minnow, and fish a swift current flowing under the overhanging brushwood. Still no fish—and so on through the glorious afternoon. The breeze is getting more chilly and the sun going down. I resolve on one more effort, and from the still-anchored boat fish the favourite spot of all, where a fish would most certainly have been landed had not a boat-load of unskilful French schoolboys got entangled with my line. I remonstrate with them, and they disengage themselves, muttering "Pardon, Monsieur." But my last trace has been broken in the mêlée, and I row home contented, thinking of the trout I might have caught.

OPENING OF THE TROUT-FISHING SEASON:

"THE SKETCH" MAN UP THE THAMES.



SUNBURY.



A LITTLE ISLAND NEAR HAMPTON CHURCH.



OUT IN MID-STREAM, SPINNING WITH DEAD BAIT.



"SURE TO FIND ONE."



MOLESEY WEIR: A FAVOURITE HAUNT OF TROUT-FISHERS.



"NO LUCK, BUT STILL HOPEFUL."

Photographs by W. J. Brunell.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*London in Curl-Papers—Pre-Coronatory Notes—Streets that Move—
Illuminations for Future Delivery—Secrets of the Plumbing Trade—
The "Tube" as a Refuge—Soldiers Afraid to Stay Away from
"the Front."*

LONDON resembles those birds which adopt smart plumage of the latest quality and style in spring-time in order to attract those innocent enough to confide in them, and is now engaged getting into its Sunday clothes with considerable exertion and rehearsing its company manners for the Coronation. By pressure of work, I had been for some time almost confined to the journalistic quarters of London and unable to visit the respectable districts. A few days ago, I therefore determined upon a public Procession down the Coronation route, having, with the aid of the tailor and hatter, previously arranged an effective Scheme of Decoration of my figure, which manifestly was appreciated by the feminine population of the Metropolis, for my new Robes were the design of a fashionable artist of St. James's, and I previously bestowed a Banquet upon the deserving poor by ordering a champagne lunch at a restaurant.

Every spring the present dangerous tendency towards self-improvement-at-any-price leads the authorities to disestablish a dear old wine-house, arcade, or music-hall—something at once lovable and archæologically interesting—and erect an entirely useless museum or Literary Institute. True, we are assured that Short's, Simpson's, the booksellers' emporia, and other buildings are only being *moved*—a mile or two, in some cases. But why not go the whole quadruped and move, say, Bond Street over nearer Belgrave Square, make Throgmorton Street a continuation of Park Lane, where it would be more "adjacent," and, the next time we take up the Strand, put it down again in a more useful position off Piccadilly?

There are unauthenticated rumours of the building of another monster hotel, only more so. If it is much more monstrous than the existing ones, it will have to have a County Council of its own, an electric-tramway service and post-office, and send a member to Parliament. During the celebrated bicycle "boom," any smart boy apprenticed to a tinker could secure a lucrative post in a cycle-factory as a skilled mechanic, and now—just as at the Diamond Jubilee—any man who can mix paints or drive in nails is already being fought over by painters or builders, and offered all the profits of the respective firms, together with a substantial bonus, if he will condescend to work for them, for houses which have lain dormant for years are to be put in order for this season only to entertain Coronation guests.

Plumbers and gas-piping appear to be equally above par, for electric-light, from its monotonous and unflickering nature, is unsuited for illuminations, and is, besides, unpopular with the plumbing expert,

because in conducting one set of repairs he cannot lay ground for another grand upheaval on an expensive scale a month or two later on. The Society lady finds the world somewhat limited. Her West-End house is surrounded by a network of scaffolding; the other parts of London are full of small-pox. Ireland she imagines to be again in the throes of incipient revolution, and, owing to the iniquitous new regulations, she cannot go abroad, as she would have to leave her lapdog behind—an impossibility absolutely inconceivable. Paying a call in Park Lane just at present is a gymnastic feat. You have either to *call*, literally—to the footman from the street—or try to enter a first-floor window by one of the three or four ladders.

A disgusted gentleman who made a determined effort to pay a visit the other day is reported to have at length gone straightway to a post-office and said what he wanted by telegram. Of course, I ought to pretend to be out of town while my house is being painted (though my not doing so is only another proof of the transparent sincerity of the staff of *The Sketch*), but it is unquestionable that, for the moment, the living-out system offers superior attractions to living-in. Happily, there is the "Two-penny Tube," in which one can travel incognito all day and avoid the paint. An embarrassing dilemma is presented to the pedestrian in Bond Street: it is unlucky to walk under a ladder (especially if it contains a man with a dripping paint-pot), but it is still more unlucky to walk under the omnibuses out in the street.

This activity in the house-decorating trades still further reduces the diminishing ranks of domestic servants by hastening the engagements and marriages of pretty housemaids, who generally find their duty compel them to clean the inside of the windows while the workman is renovating the outside, proving, in direct contradiction to economic laws, that a man takes twice as long to do a piece of work if he has somebody to help him. In every class, however, the young woman's fancy turns at this

season to thoughts of love, money and social position, and the defenceless bachelor, from sheer timidity, goes out to "the Front" to seek protection from danger. Stay-at-home critics may call it cowardly, but will not panic seize even the bravest at times, and is not self-preservation, after all, the first law of human nature?

HILL *ROWAN.

THE KING'S NEW PORTRAIT.

One of the most popular pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition this year will undoubtedly be the magnificent portrait of the King just completed by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., who obtained the last sitting from His Majesty only a fortnight ago. It is a very large canvas, containing several accessories which enhance rather than diminish the central figure. His Majesty is portrayed life-size, standing erect in the brilliant uniform and ermine cloak which he wore at the opening of Parliament, the bright scarlet of the tunic being cut by the vivid blue of a broad ribbon and covered with the insignia of various Orders.



MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A., PAINTER OF THE KING'S PORTRAIT FOR THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE SCENIC ARTISTS OF LONDON.



MR. T. E. RYAN,
COGITATING OVER HIS SCENES FOR "BEN-HUR," AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

CECIL RHODES' ALMA MATER

THE HISTORY OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD—THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE COLLEGE—

CECIL RHODES' GREAT BEQUEST.

ORIEL COLLEGE has reason to be proud of Cecil Rhodes. With gratitude to the remotest time his name will be esteemed by the College to which he has bequeathed the magnificent sum of £100,000. Even with this advantage to its revenue, Oriel is far from being rich, for its income will be still under £11,000. It was, no doubt, the consideration of this fact which led one of the Fellows to rather look the gift-horse in the mouth and point out that what was really wanted was the endowing of more chairs and the opportunity of spending money on the schemes which have already been projected by the College. Far more important than this consideration is one which has been, so far, more or less ignored: that it was probably Cecil Rhodes' desire to bring new thoughts, new objects, and new aspirations into the old-world system by the

the powers of the College, and appointed its founder its first Governor or Provost—an office he held until his death, six years afterwards. Even then, however, the College was not secure. In a very little while, however, the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese the University was, took the College under his protection. That state of things lasted for exactly four hundred years, for it was not until 1726 that the arrangement was set aside and Royal authority restored. James I., who did so much for learning in his reign, incorporated the College by Letters Patent in 1603.

Not the least interesting question connected with the College is the source from which it derives its name. Philologists have naturally sharpened their wits on the subject, with various results. One declares for the Latin "Oriolum," a gateway or porch; while another believes

Dr. Joy. Bishop of Salisbury.
CECIL RHODES. Provost. Lord Balfour of Burleigh

Prof. York Powell.



Prof. Cheyne.

T. B. Cornish.

Lord Halsbury.

R. G. Livingstone.

Sir J. Hawkins.

S. Ball.

A. G. Butler.

C. L. Shadwell.

J. Cook Wilson.

CECIL RHODES AT THE ORIEL COLLEGE GAUDY, 1899, AFTER RECEIVING HIS HONORARY DEGREE OF "D.C.L."

The photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

introduction of that new blood which his scholarships must introduce into the grey-walled city which sits on the banks of the Isis.

Oriel dates back to the time of Edward II., and no more appropriate time could be selected than this for drawing attention to it, seeing that in the current week it celebrates the anniversary of the obtaining of its Charter, which was given to it on April 20, 1324. The College owes its origin to Adam de Brom, an Almoner of the King, who was one of the Clerks in Chancery, Rector of Hanworth in Middlesex, Chancellor of Durham, and Archdeacon of Stow, as well as Rector of St. Mary's, Oxford. It was his ambition to extend the educational system of the town and to obtain a Charter authorising the foundation of this College in honour of the Virgin, its scholars being specially devoted to the study of theology.

Brom soon found himself in that position which Cecil Rhodes himself once so aptly illustrated when he asked, "What is the use of having great ideas unless you have money to carry them out?" The founder of Oriel wanted money for it, and the King having vowed, "in one of his extremities of distress," that he would found a College in honour of the Virgin, and finding himself unable to do so, Brom saw his chance and took it. He made over the College to the King, thus securing it Royal protection and additional revenue. Early in the next year the King executed the Charter of Foundation, enlarging

that it was due to a magnificent Eastern window which formed a recess in the interior and was a conspicuous object from the outside, and in the tower over the gateway an Oriel window is still to be seen. Those who affect this explanation turn in triumph to Chaucer, and point to the lines—

In her Oryall she was
Closyd well with Royal glas.

Others, however, see in the word merely a corruption of "Aul-royal," and they produce many documents to back up their contention.

But enough of ancient history, for at present Oriel is more concerned with the munificent bequest of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the manner in which it is to be applied. The £100,000 is left free of all duty. A sum of £40,000 is to be applied to the extension of the College buildings and to provide a fund to make good the loss occasioned to the revenue from the pulling down of houses which contributed to it. A similar sum is set apart to provide an income by means of which the emoluments of the Fellows of the College may be increased; and two separate sums of £10,000 are further apportioned, the one to provide an income whereby "the dignity and comfort of the High Table may be maintained," and the other as a repair fund, "the income whereof shall be expended in maintaining and repairing the College buildings."

CECIL RHODES' ALMA MATER.

VIEWS OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD, WHICH BENEFITS, UNDER MR. RHODES' WILL,
TO THE EXTENT OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.



The Provost's House.

THE BACK QUAD, ORIEL COLLEGE.

"TOM BROWN" (JUDGE HUGHES) HAD ROOMS IN THIS QUAD, AND PUSEY, NEWMAN, AND KEBLE CROSSED IT DAILY ON THEIR WAY FROM THE HALL TO THE COMMON ROOM.



St. Mary's, the University Church.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF ORIEL COLLEGE. THE PROPOSED EXTENSION WILL BE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE "HIGH,"
THE NEW FRONT FACING THE UNIVERSITY CHURCH.

Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ALL who have read Miss Mary Johnston's new novel, "Audrey"—of which, by the way, over a hundred and thirty thousand copies have now been sold in the United States alone within a week or two of publication—must have been struck by the remarkably fine pictures of Virginian scenery which it contains. The opening paragraphs are particularly beautiful, and it is interesting to know that they form a word-picture of Miss Johnston's early home. Miss Johnston was born some thirty years ago in a small village in Botetourt County, Virginia, in the shadow of that Blue Ridge which plays such an important part in "Audrey." Most of Miss Johnston's writing is done out of doors. "The Prisoners of Hope," her first book, was largely written in a secluded nook in Central Park, New York, while "Audrey" was composed entirely in the porch of a summer cottage in the grounds of a Virginian hotel. It may be that some of Miss Johnston's ability for picturing so realistically fighting and sudden death may be a hereditary tendency, for her father, a Virginian lawyer and an ex-Member of the Virginian Legislature, served in the Confederate Army from the opening to the close of the Civil War, rising to the position of Major of Artillery.

All Napoleonic enthusiasts will be interested in the announcement that the diaries of Count Balmain, the Russian Commissioner at St. Helena, are to be issued very shortly in a translation. They will remember that Lord Rosebery, in his recent work, referred to Balmain's testimony in the highest terms. Balmain's note-books, the originals of which have recently been unearthed in Paris, comprised the whole of his correspondence with the Russian Government, and throw a new and most interesting light upon Napoleon's captivity.

With reference to the recent paragraph in this column regarding the terms of publication of "Les Misérables," the following additional facts may be of interest. It appears that the delivery of the manuscript was to be made at Victor Hugo's house in Guerusey and the payment in English money. In a secret convention, anticipating the possibility of Napoleon III. forbidding the book and the French tribunals prosecuting it, Victor Hugo accepted to pay half the fine incurred and, in addition, he agreed to extend the period of the publisher's ownership as many years as the publication of the book should be prohibited in France.

M. Lacroix seems to have had some justification for his fears that the publication of "Les Misérables" might be forbidden in France, and at one time he wrote to Hugo suggesting that certain passages should be toned down. Hugo's reply was characteristic—

We have to put up with the situation that the abominable Government that now exists makes for us. It is a despotism. It will do as it pleases. All we can do is to make them repent afterward. What you must say and spread broadcast is that, if Bonaparte persecutes "Les Misérables" . . . I shall take up again the *littérature du dehors*, and I shall recommence the war of Napoléon le Petit and of Les Châtiments. So much is said to intimidate persecution and make it recoil.

When Victor Hugo sent the last volume to his publisher, he wrote the following sentence, which M. Lacroix considers as his most precious autograph: "If this does not move the reader, I renounce writing for ever" ("Si cette fin n'émeut pas, je renonce à écrire à jamais").

A wicked wag has suggested that Mr. Alfred Austin's new volume of poems, entitled "The Tale of True Love," is a description of the Poet Laureate's feelings towards Mr. Rudyard Kipling. This is not fair.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Henry James has been seriously ill. The last accounts are that he is now on the way to recovery. Another popular author whose recent illness has caused much anxiety to his friends has evidently completely recovered, for I have just been reading extracts from one of Mr. Max O'Rell's amusing after-dinner speeches, in which he told the company how three firms of publishers had failed almost simultaneously over books by himself which they published. In one case an assignment was made the day he delivered the manuscript.

Mr. Ernest Vizetelly has almost completed his history of "Bluebeard," being an "Account of Comorre the Cursed and Gilles de Rais," with "Summaries of Various Tales and Traditions." The author assigns the greater part of the story to de Rais, or Retz, Marshal of France, whom he describes as one of the bravest Captains and vilest monsters that ever lived. This man was of illustrious descent, Premier Baron of Brittany, and, for the times, enormously wealthy. He spent his substance in riotous living, in staging great "Mysteries" for the public amusement, and in equipping military forces for the defence of France in the days of Joan of Arc, whose comrade-in-arms he was. He tried to restore his fortunes by the practice of alchemy, sorcery, and magic, and the offering of human sacrifices. For these practices the French "Bluebeard" was eventually brought to trial and executed.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has been suffering from his humorous reputation. Listen to his tale of woe: "People who meet me at tea wait expectantly for my conversation to scintillate, and it never does. If I could be humorous all the time, I should write a story a day. As a matter of fact, one's jokes are often born after much tribulation." Mr. Jacobs will be represented by two volumes this year, "At Sunwich Port," a novel which has been running through the *Strand*, and a collection of short stories, which will be issued in the autumn.

Mrs. Edith Wharton's new novel, "The Valley of Decision," which is to be issued immediately, is dedicated to "Paul and Minnie Bourget, in remembrance of Italian days together." Mr. and Mrs. Wharton have for a long time been on terms of great friendship with the famous French author and his wife. Indeed, I believe "The Valley of Decision" was largely written while on a visit to M. Bourget last year.

Two new Quarterlies are in preparation. One of them, to be issued by Messrs. Blackwood, will be devoted to the interests of naturalists; the second, to be entitled the *Shrine*, will be published at Stratford-on-Avon and devoted to Shaksperiana. O. O.

MR. J. M. BARRIE.

Mr. Barrie, I understand, is "resting." He has been in Scotland for some time, "Thrums" being his favourite place of residence. At present, he is not engaged either on a new novel or a new play. In the meantime, "Quality Street," his last drama, is going strong in America. This play, as readers of *The Sketch* know, is a sweet, a somewhat sentimental, comedy of the early Victorian period. It has not been definitely arranged when it is to appear in this country—the rights are in Mr. Frohman's hands. But it has been a great success in America, and can hardly fail to be a success here, as it is a capital play of its kind.



MR. J. M. BARRIE,

WHOSE NEW COMEDY, "QUALITY STREET," HAS MADE A GREAT HIT IN AMERICA, AND WILL SHORTLY BE PRODUCED IN LONDON.

Photograph by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS ANTINOUS.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

"ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



MISS MAB PAUL AS MELANTHO.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

"ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS ULYSSES.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S.



MR. LIONEL BROUGH AS EUMÆUS.



MISS LILY HANBURY AS PENELOPE.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS ANTINOUS.



MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS PHEMIUS.



MISS NANCY PRICE AS CALYPSO (NOW PLAYING PALLAS ATHENE).



MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS TELEMACHUS.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS PALLAS ATHENE.
(NOW PLAYING IN "BEN-HUR," AT DRURY LANE).

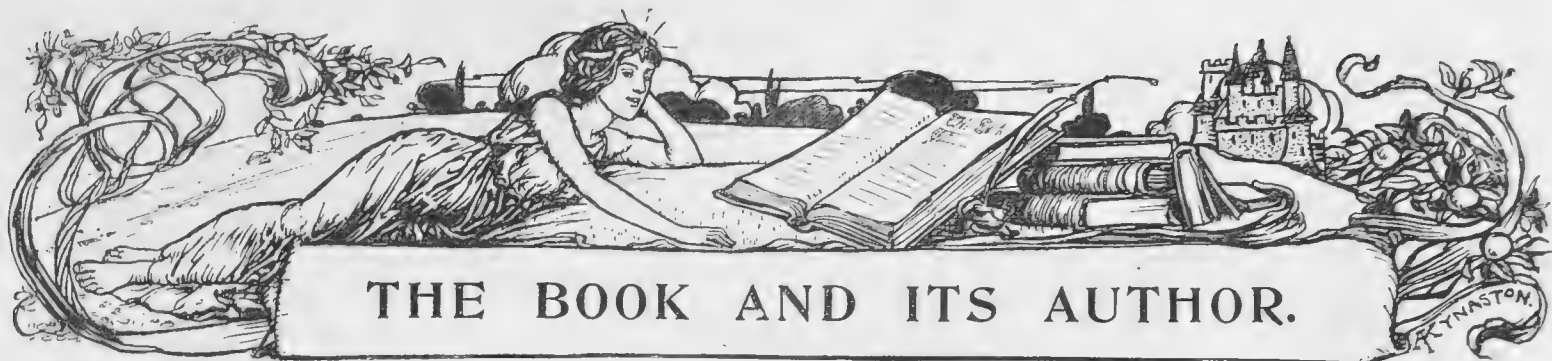
MR. HENRY KEMBLE AS CTESIPPUS.



MISS RUTH MAITLAND AS CLYTIE.

Photograph by H. Under and Greve

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR WALTER BESANT."

GREATER men of letters than Sir Walter Besant there have been, and, no doubt, will be again, but better-hearted, more generous-souled, more kindly natured, never. His Autobiography, with a Prefatory Note by his friend, Mr. S. Squire Sprigge, has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., and I hope it will be as widely read as it deserves to be. To all members of the literary profession—a profession for which he did so much—it cannot fail to be of the deepest interest, but, considered as the presentment, the portraiture (the unveiling, one might have said, were his works not so revealing) of a fine and singularly attractive personality, the book is such as should secure for itself the most general attention. Mr. Sprigge, in his preface, seems to think there are two things in the book which may tend to lessen its popularity—one is the expression of Sir Walter's views on religion, the other on the criticism—that is, the pretended criticism—of books in a certain class of reviews. The pages of *The Sketch*, naturally enough, are not suitable for any discussion of these matters. Instead, I venture to tell a little story of Sir Walter, a story not hitherto published. It is a story which shows the essential nature of the dead novelist—his sweet and unselfish nature.

There was a man who contemplated writing a novel of a certain period. It was a period in English history not only full of all imaginable light and shade of romance, but it was enormously important from the fact that it had in it a national crisis on whose outcome the fate of England turned; it was important, also, because during it there lived and died the men who practically created the greatest factor in the mental life of the country, the English novel, the men being Fielding, Smollett, Richardson. The more this man studied this great period, the more it impressed him. It then occurred to him that the guidance, the counsel, the advice of one who knew that period well would be of invaluable assistance to him. He looked about him for such a man. Finally, he thought of the author who had written "The Chaplain of the Fleet" and "Dorothy Foster," and, with many apologies for his presumption, he applied to Sir Walter Besant, placing before him the whole matter. Now, the man knew Sir Walter but slightly—he was so little intimate with him that he did not know Sir Walter was at the time lying sick on what proved to be his death-bed; otherwise, of course, he would never have dreamed of writing that letter. Two or three days later, a reply came from Sir Walter—a kindly reply, saying that he was ill in bed, but that he was glad to comply with the request he had received. Then, on separate sheets, in Sir Walter's small, fine handwriting, there was given a splendid bibliography of the particular period—a wonderfully full statement, with critical and other comments, of its books, plays, newspapers, pamphlets. Think of it! Here was a man whose time (rapidly nearing its end) was of the utmost value, yet he willingly gave up several hours of it for the other's benefit. It was very characteristic of Sir Walter—this generosity of soul, this genuine and ungrudging helpfulness, this cheerful giving of something worth giving to another.

From Mr. Sprigge's Prefatory Note it is learned that, though Sir Walter's Autobiography was written with a view to publication, yet it is not presented in the finished form it would have appeared in had it undergone the minute revision to which all his written matter

was subjected. The fact is that death overtook him before he had prepared it for the press. Nor has Mr. Sprigge attempted any revision of it. On this point, he says—

Such revision cannot be done now by anyone, however sure we may feel that it would have been done by him. If certain passages appear to readers to be unnecessarily sweeping, and especially if those who enjoyed a personal acquaintance with Besant find any expressions of opinion in his posthumous memoir which hardly represent the man they knew, I would press that these points be remembered: that he died leaving the manuscript in what he would have considered an unfinished state; that it was his express desire that it should be published; and that any attempt to modify his work either by addition or subtraction, however honest in its intention to make a more accurate picture, would amount to a dangerous tampering with the original. The Autobiography does

Besant scant justice, but, in noting the deficiencies, I do so with no completely unnecessary eulogy, and no equally unnecessary apology. . . . It is an exposition of the novelist's life, showing how good a life it is when conscientious work meets with success. Besant elaborated the record of those parts of his life which he conceived to have had a particular influence upon his choice of a career and upon the position to which he attained in literature. For the rest, his tale is made up of somewhat disconnected notes, which serve to show the depth as well as the multiplicity of his interests, but which have not been written by him with strict regard to proportion.

The design of Sir Walter was to describe a working novelist's career; he expressly states that he is not making confessions, and he refers but seldom to his peaceful and happy domestic life. The Autobiography was written during the last year of his life, after his health had begun to fail. The first chapters, dealing with his childhood, school-days, and college life, are, I should say, the most complete in the book. In these he tells us how he utilised in his novels the scenes, characters, and incidents which were familiar to him as a boy and as a young man; thus, "By Celia's Arbour" is full of descriptions of Portsmouth, where he was born and was brought up. The chapter on "L'Île de France," giving an account of his experiences as a Professor in the College at Port Louis, is one of the most interesting in the volume, but it is the latter and smaller part of it, treating of his literary life, which will be most eagerly read. One wishes that it had been lengthier and more replete with detail, but still it must be said that the three chapters, "First Steps in Literary Career," "The Start



THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT.

Photograph by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

in Fiction," and "Novelist with a Free Hand," give us a tolerably complete picture of "Walter Besant, Man of Letters," as he was wont to describe himself. Not the least interesting passages are those which refer to the collaboration between himself and James Rice—the partnership which produced that perennial joy, "The Golden Butterfly," to say nothing of "The Chaplain of the Fleet," and other very excellent novels. Here is the genesis of "Ready-money Mortiboy"—

Rice came to me with a proposal. It was that I should collaborate with him in a novel the plot of which had already been drawn out in the rough by him. His plot was simply the story of the Prodigal Son with variations. The wanderer was to return apparently repentant, in reality resolved on getting out of the old man all he could secure. The father was to be a rich miser, a banker in a country town. . . . Of course, the Prodigal would have a past to hamper him; one past belonging to the time before he left the paternal home, and another belonging to his adventurous career about the world. I accepted the proposal: I set to work with a will, and before long our Prodigal was working out his later developments in the columns of *Once a Week*. The plot naturally was modified. The Prodigal grew more human; he became softened; but the past remained with him to hamper and drag him down . . .

In conclusion, I cannot do better with regard to the Autobiography than endorse with all my heart the last words of Mr. Sprigge's Prefatory Note—

A scholar who was never a pedant, a beautiful dreamer who was a practical teacher, a modest and sincere man speaks in its pages, and teaches with conviction a brave scheme of life.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



IN THE WILDS.

"Your hands are very dirty, my man!"

"Yessir! You're the fust shampoo this morning, Sir."

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.



NEW COOK: I'm afraid I can't take the place, Mum.

MISTRESS: Why?

NEW COOK: Well, Mum, the kitchen-table ain't big enough for Ping-Pong!

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

DÉDÉ.*

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by A. S. Forrest.

I.



KIRA was dead, and Dédé felt instinctively that there were times of even greater trouble in store. The strong man's work, given ungrudgingly from daybreak to sunset, had been needed to keep the little household supplied with the bare necessities of life, and this labour had been supplemented by Akira's wife, Murasaki, and by Dédé herself, a little slip of a girl hastening towards womanhood, who looked as if she had sprung into sudden life from some Japanese screen or fan. Akira and Murasaki worked bare-legged in their rice-fields, Murasaki presenting a strange picture with her kimono tucked up above her blue cotton trousers. They planted and weeded the miry land, and tended it with loving care from seed-time to harvest; the pitiless sun scorched and furrowed them, the wet mud clung to them, but they never complained. At other times, Murasaki would go up the hillsides, through the woods of Cryptomeria, lightened here and there by the feathery bamboo and scarlet maple, and would gather the dried twigs of a forgotten year to light the household fires. Then Dédé would accompany her mother and carry her own little load proudly down the mountain-side.

The house stood at the foot of the hills, by the edge of the Snow Lake, and, when the fields might be left for a while, Akira would go a-fishing in the transparent water and catch the red *tai* and other strange, shining fish like nothing known in the world of the West.

On the far side of the lake stood the Shinto Temple with its wealth of bronze-and-gold lacquer-work sheltering the mysterious inner shrine that was adorned with countless fluttering strips of white paper to attract the god's attention. Stranger even than the temple was the great willow-tree in front of it. Akira once told his daughter that if the temple caught fire, the willow-tree would straightway become a fountain and extinguish the flames, and, knowing that, Dédé looked with more interest at the willow than at the temple itself.

She would go down to the water's edge towards the evening and watch her father crossing the broad bosom of the lake in his square-sailed fishing-boat, while the sunset spread a pathway before him so like molten gold that she could hardly dare to look.

Dédé was by the lake-side when Akira came from his work for the last time.

That evening, how well she remembered it: the sun had not been shining, clouds obscured the sky, and her father landed without one fish in his basket. She saw he looked ill, tired, and troubled, and, too terror-stricken to speak, heard him say the words that brought about his sudden end. For, when the sail was furled and the boat made fast, he shook his empty basket at the Snow Lake, and said slowly and contemptuously, "O, Koyuki, there are larger lakes than you, lakes with more fish and brighter water." So the unfortunate fisherman insulted the Lake Spirit, and when Dédé told the story, in voice broken with sobs, to her mother, Murasaki shrieked and threw herself upon the ground and prayed to Ama-Terasu to avert the evil from her husband, who lay already stricken with fever upon the matting bed.



He found her by the lake-side ere he started for the great City.

Unhappily, the clouds remained during the night; they were thicker in the morning than they had been on the previous day, and the Sun Goddess could not see or hear. So the Spirit of the Snow Lake had full revenge for a grievous insult, and Akira died.

II.

Many strangers came to Akira's funeral. He had been comparatively wealthy in early years, up to the time of the great storms and floods, when his outlying land was ruined and he was unable to satisfy the tax-collectors, and many people, having forgotten him while he lived, settled with their conscience by remembering him now. Priests and relatives came from the nearest village, and Dédé looked among them for Torio, but in vain. Torio had been her friend and worked for her father; he alone had found time in the years of stress and toil to deal kindly with her. Unfortunately, he had quarrelled with Akira, and had left them all suddenly, for Kyoto he told Dédé, when he found her by the lake-side ere he started for the great City. He had spoken hopefully to her of the old Capital of the Mikados, telling her how he would win his fortune there and return bearing gifts to appease Akira's wrath and gladden Murasaki's heart, and then he went away, his worldly goods in a little straw basket slung over his shoulders, and Dédé, inconsolable at first, comforted herself with faith in his promise to return. More than a year had elapsed between his departure and Akira's death, but no sign



Leaving mother and daughter alone.

came to Dédé, though she had varied her prayers to the god who dwelt amid the fluttering paper ribbons in the inner shrine of the Shinto Temple. She did not ask the god to make her the richest woman in the world, as her mother, Murasaki, did; she asked for Torio to come back, whispering the petition with bated breath. But Torio never came.

It was a great funeral. There were banners yellow, blue, red, white, and black, flowers in profusion, a Kannushi on horseback, all preceding the white-wood coffin in which Akira went to his long home. Following the coffin came Murasaki and Dédé, in white, with a few more distant relatives. The procession wound slow way up the mountain-side, through the tall-tree plantations, and past the less-cultivated ground leading to the place of graves. The many-coloured leaves and flowers swayed in the light breeze, whispering to each other, the birds flashed to and fro, and the sunlight, filtering through the leaves, dappled the ground with alternate light and shadow. Earth and sky, bird and insect, welcomed Akira as he came to take his rest. But Dédé, walking solemnly behind the white-wood coffin, thought only of the few brief hours that the dead man had spared from his labours to give to her, of the few acts of kindness that had put their special mark upon some days of her brief life. Then she wondered why Torio had not come from the great City, and, then, who would till the fields and coax their harvest from them, who would dare to fish in the Snow Lake, and whether the Lake Spirit was satisfied with the revenge or would extend it to her. Perhaps, Ama-Terasu would help them; perhaps the sunshine, coming after days of cloud and darkness, was for a sign of her protection. These thoughts accompanied her to the spot on the hillside where Akira was left to a rest that even the Lake Spirit could not disturb. They covered the grave with flowers and left it slowly and solemnly, returning to the little house by the lake-side, where priest and mourners spoke brief words of consolation and went away, leaving mother and daughter alone.

III.

Barren years came to Murasaki and Dédé in the little house at the lake's edge. The harvest was a poor one, though Dédé worked bravely by Murasaki's side in the rice-fields, and a fisherman,

* A New Ballet, founded on this Story, will shortly be produced at the Alhambra

frightened by Akira's end and fearing the wrath of the Lake Spirit, left his work on the water to share their labours on the land. Their corner of the world was very beautiful. Strangers passing when the cherry-trees blossomed or the iris flowered would have paused



Entered the ricksha with Okamisan.

poorest instead of the richest woman in the world. She paid little heed to Dédé, whose ripening beauty became known to the village upon the hill and was bruited abroad as far as Kyoto itself. Before her eyes were the days when the scanty meals that sufficed them now would be no longer procurable, when the *hibachi* should no longer have charcoal to defend the room against the cold. So, when Okamisan came in her ricksha from Kyoto, drawn to the obscure dwelling by the report of Dédé's beauty, Murasaki was prepared to listen to all the persuasion of the Mistress of the "House of the Golden Heart." And Dédé never knew. Floated before her, visions of gorgeous kimonos and a beautiful home in which she was to have rooms of her own and a servant to wait upon her, where she would learn to follow the dance of the hours in a world of music and laughter and flowers. It was spring-time, the cherry-trees were in blossom, and all her youth panted for life, without one thought that shamed it. For her, life was a sealed book; she believed what Okamisan said, and Murasaki heard unmoved, and, full of faith and hope and a great joy, entered the ricksha with Okamisan and waved her little hand in farewell to her mother, Murasaki, who straightway hid a store of shining coins under the floor in a dark corner of the house and prayed to Kwannon, the God of Mercy, to make her the richest woman in the world.

For Dédé there were long hours of fascinating travel; she had not realised that the world beyond her home was so vast, and her wonder at the hotel in which the first night was spent woke strange memories in Okamisan's heart. On the following day, the journey was resumed through country that never failed of beauty, and towards evening the young girl and her companion reached the largest city Dédé had entered, even in her dreams. A city of countless streets and stately houses, where rickshas, drawn by bare-legged djins, passed and repassed, where the streets were thronged, and fierce *samaurais* kept watch and ward. But they did not stop in the city. They went from the noise and bustle of the greater town to a district whose myriad coloured lights could be seen half-a-mile away. Dédé's mind could no longer keep pace with the changes; fatigue and excitement wrestled for mastery over her until the djins brought their burden to



To pay obeisance to Prince Korin.

the gate by the side of which a great tree grew. "See," cried Dédé, "this is the tree from the temple! It has followed us!"

"No," said Okamisan, smiling wearily, "this is the Willow of Welcome, and now," as the heavy gate was passed, "we are in the Yoshiwara."

IV.

From a balcony on a level with the porch of the "House of the Golden Heart," Dédé looked out over the main street of the Yoshiwara, now in the full glory of its night aspect. Down the centre of the

street ran a flower-garden, no more than eight feet wide, and coloured lanterns shone amid the flowers and tree-branches. The "House of the Golden Heart" was smothered with climbing flowers, jessamine and roses; the air was heavy with their perfume. Over the porch hung a huge lantern, heart-shaped—it was the house-sign; a dozen others, fanciful or grotesque, proclaimed the rival establishments along the crowded street.

Neighbouring balconies were occupied; the sound of music played upon samisen or koto was heard on every side. At some of the houses the girls sat behind bamboo gratings, exposed to the scrutiny of a hundred eyes. Dédé shivered as though the warm night-air had chilled her: she felt as she did on the night when Akira insulted the Spirit of the Lake. Though no more than twenty-four hours in the house of Okamisan, Dédé was already arrayed in a gorgeous kimono, and her hair, wonderfully woven, was pierced by half-a-dozen jewelled pins.

She saw a path made at the far end of the street for a ricksha preceded by *samaurais*; it came down through an obsequious crowd to where the Golden Heart shed its yellow light, and then the djins set their burden down and Okamisan appeared at the door to do reverence to an old man with wrinkled skin and fierce, small eyes, whose high degree was proclaimed by his costume. A minute later, Dédé was summoned to the room behind the balcony, and commanded by Okamisan to pay obeisance to Prince Korin. If Dédé performed her obeisance satisfactorily, she never knew. An unaccountable feeling of horror came as a climax to the earlier uneasiness; she could hardly reach the couch

and scarcely understood his strangely worded compliments. She only knew, when he rose and took his leave a few minutes later, that he was coming to see her again, and that Okamisan seemed delighted and spoke to her in the tones that had been used in Murasaki's house and had passed out of use when the "House of the Golden Heart" was reached.

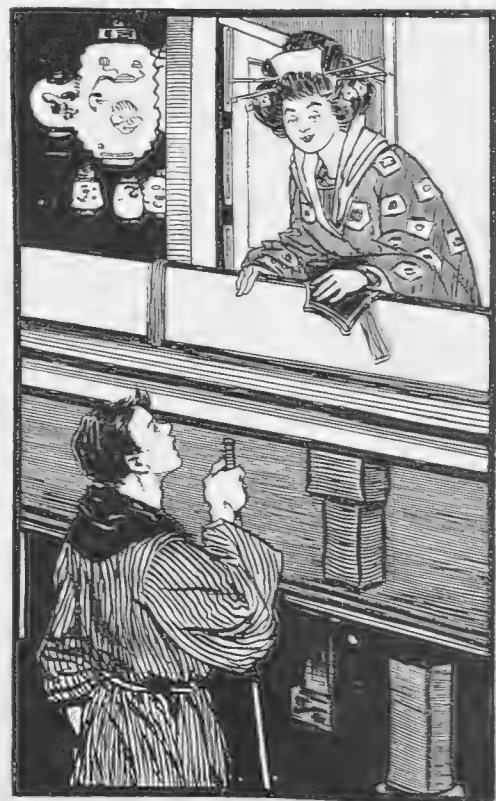
Dédé returned to the balcony, full of fear and wonder. The Prince, surrounded by his escort, was leaving the Yoshiwara, and the attention of the fickle crowd was now claimed by two young Englishmen in the dress of Naval officers, who had entered the street in a ricksha. Dédé was too frightened to be interested; her lips were forming the familiar prayer to the Shinto God who dwelt with the *gohci* midmost the shrine on the far side of the lake at home. And, as she called upon him to send Torio to her side, her prayer was answered, and Torio himself stood beneath the balcony, looking at her with startled eyes, as though he was not sure of his vision. Instinctively, Dédé glanced round; the room behind her was deserted; the crowd was occupied with the Englishmen.

"Torio," she whispered, leaning over the balcony, uncertain whether to laugh or to cry, "is it really you?"

The lad uttered a half-articulate cry. "What are you doing here, Dédé?" he asked, in a voice full of vague entreaty.

"They brought me here yesterday," the girl replied, and, as she spoke, her spirits, raised by her lover's sudden appearance, sank as though she understood all the anxiety his voice expressed. A little beggar-boy, with a red lantern tied to the end of a stick, pushed his light between the two, and laughed shrilly to see them start. The crowd was coming nearer.

"But you must come away," Torio whispered, hoarsely. "You cannot stay here. Don't you know—?" He stopped suddenly, for even to his untrained mind it was clear enough that Dédé knew no more of the house she was in than did the roses that clung to its walls. By this time the two sailors had dismissed their ricksha and were strolling past the houses, looking curiously at their occupants. They were followed by the crowd of interested natives, and one or two guides who besought them in Pigeon-English to be permitted to show them all the sights of the Yoshiwara. At last, they reached the "House of the Golden Heart" and paused to glance at Dédé. As they did so, one of the guides, a big, burly fellow who had taken them under his protection, despite their protests, seized Torio by the shoulder and, with a quick movement known to the native wrestlers, sent him sprawling on to the ground, telling him to make way for his



"You must come away," Torio whispered, hoarsely.

masters. Dédé screamed and shrank back from the balcony, though she did not leave it. She saw the other guide who had not secured the Englishmen's patronage help Torio to his feet and speak to him at some length. Torio answered eagerly, and Dédé knew that he was speaking of her. He waved his hand encouragingly and put a warning finger to his lips, and then the crowd swallowed them up, and Okamisan, entering the inner room, called her from the balcony.

"Prince Korin will come here to-morrow afternoon," she said, "and has told me to summon Maiko, the best geisha in Kyoto, to dance before him and his guests. He is inviting the mad Englishmen who have gone through the street. The Prince is pleased with you, and your fortune is made."

V.

Okamisan led her guests into the Hall of Greeting in the "House of the Golden Heart." The cedar-wood walls were decorated with quaint carving; screens, bronze figures, and great bowls of flowers filled the corners, and the cushions reserved for guests were covered with fantasies in scarlet and purple and gold. Prince Korin, whose native dress seemed to be in perfect keeping with the barbaric surroundings, seated himself; his guests followed suit; only the body-guard remained standing. Then Okamisan clapped her hands, a door opened at the far end of the Hall of Greeting, and her household entered. First came some ten or twelve girls, young and graceful, doubtless beautiful, though their golden lips and painted eyes could appeal only to their country-folk. They made obeisance to the Prince on hands and knees. After them Dédé entered alone, the cynosure of all eyes. Her kimono had stolen the colour of the heavens at sunrise, the arrangement of her hair was a masterpiece; but the gold paint on lips and the antimony round her eyes could neither hide her pallor nor give her confidence. She subsided not ungracefully before the Prince, and he summoned her to a cushion by his side. Immediately after, the harp-players entered and ranged themselves at the room's far end. Following them came the geishas, led by the famous Maiko, eight in all, hideously masked, with heads of ghosts, bats, beetles, and vampires. Their salute made, they stood motionless. All eyes were upon the Prince. He raised his hand, the music started, the dances commenced; the masked figures moved rhythmically, freely, lasciviously, to the sound, revelling in every suggestion of which the dance is capable, and, as the music came to an abrupt conclusion, they flung their masks aside, revealing themselves in a truer light as young and pretty girls.

There was a pause while attendants brought round trays of sweetmeats, and Prince Korin now spoke to Dédé for the first time. His words were smoothly said, but behind the flattery in his voice lurked authority, and Dédé's anxious ears could not be deceived. She was to learn to dance and play the samisen; no desire of her heart would go unfulfilled. Dédé looked round; the *samaurais* were impassive as the bronze figures, the little group of *oirans* in one corner fluttered with excitement, the Englishmen looked on with curiosity; the attitudes of the Prince's native guests alone served to confirm Dédé's vague ideas, to crystallise them. And with the knowledge of her position came the overwhelming feeling of helplessness, the remembrance of her mother's acquiescence in her departure from home. She realised her own inability to oppose any resistance to the forces arrayed against her; the knowledge responded to the authority underlying the Daimio's words. Her consciousness of inability to reply to his compliments increased her confusion; she knew, too, that Okamisan, for all her seeming attention to *oirans*, geishas, guests, and musicians, had a watchful, angry eye reserved for her alone.

With something like a sigh of displeasure, the Daimio raised his hand once more, and the dances were resumed. Glad of a respite, Dédé strove to collect her thoughts, but in vain; the end of the wild dance found her as helpless as before. Then Maiko danced alone, and Dédé's anxieties yielded for a moment to her admiration, only to return with the applause that greeted the famous geisha's efforts. By this time the bonds of etiquette had been relaxed; geisha and *oirans* were surrounded by the visitors as soon as the dance was done. A few moments after Maiko's *pas-seul*, the far door of the Hall of Greeting was flung open and two *samaurais* entered, prostrated themselves, and presented a heavily sealed letter.

Prince Korin broke the seal and glanced hastily over the contents of the note; then he rose to his feet. "I am called suddenly to the Palace," he said to Okamisan; "perhaps I shall return. Let the entertainment proceed." So saying, he claimed the indulgence of his guests and passed out hurriedly with his personal attendants. Dédé, delighted to escape his attention, if only for one hour, left her prominent cushion and sought one at the far end of the room, in the shade of a screen standing behind a bowl full of flowering magnolia.

Okamisan ceased to notice her as soon as Prince Korin had gone. Her attention was transferred to the English visitors, to whom she presented the leading *oirans*. The geishas, no longer disciplined, rambled at ease about the Hall of Greeting, talking to their friends. Their leader, who had worn a particularly hideous mask representing a stag-beetle—a marvel of Japanese workmanship in bronze and gold—strolled towards the corner where Dédé sat, hopeless and despairing.

"You are sad," said the little lady, sitting down by Dédé's side.

The younger girl looked curiously at her visitor; there was much in her face to inspire confidence.

"Don't cry," said the geisha, hurriedly, noting with quick eye how the girl's lips quivered. "What have you to cry for with a handsome lover waiting outside?"

"Do you mean Torio?" whispered Dédé, eagerly.

"Yes, I do," replied the geisha. "My brother Sosen, the interpreter, helped him out of some street-trouble last night, and when he told his story promised to help you too. Sosen has been his friend since Torio came to Kyoto, and Sosen is Okamisan's enemy, for she treated him very badly some time ago, and he never forgets. So he asked me, and I can help him and you if anybody can. It is most fortunate that you left your first seat and came here. I did not know how to reach you. I am Maiko—but, of course, you don't know me, as you're a country girl. Now, we have to change kimonos, and you will then put on my mask and go to the far door. Don't move; wait till Okamisan is called away."

"But you—?" began Dédé.

"They dare not touch me," she replied. "No one in all Kyoto would do that—even Prince Korin will not care to say very much. After all, he is more in love with me than with you. And I have

arranged with two of the other girls, my friends. Be very careful. So soon as you hear Kikou call, we must change."

Lead minutes passed; there was a babble of conversation and laughter; the girls nibbled sweetmeats and chattered like half-fledged birds in a nest. Dédé saw the geisha Kikou edge to the corner of the hall by the last window overlooking the street. So soon as she was there, the girl uttered a lamentable cry and fell face forward to the floor. Dédé was as startled as the rest of the geishas, who followed Okamisan to the far end of the hall to crowd round their friend, but a word from her companion recalled her to her senses.

"Quick! Change!" was all Maiko said, but it sufficed, and, before Kikou had recovered from her faint, Dédé was in the geisha's kimono and had assumed her stag-beetle mask. "Now go at once," said Maiko, as she turned towards the wall, spreading Dédé's kimono very distinctly for Okamisan to see when she looked that way again. "Don't hurry too much; Torio is by the entrance."

Controlling an almost irresistible desire to run, Dédé passed towards the door, unchallenged in the confusion that prevailed.

Outside in the main street of the Yoshiwara several rickshas were standing, but Dédé's eye lighted instinctively on one guarded by two djins, in whom she recognised Sosen and Torio. Without a word, she entered it, and then the reaction set in and she knew no more.

At the gate of the Yoshiwara, by the Willow of Welcome, the ricksha was drawn aside to make way for another. Prince Korin's secretary, who had returned from the "House of the Golden Heart" when Prince Korin left, and was now bound to the house to say his master was leaving at once for Tokio, by command from Court, looked carelessly at the other ricksha, but Dédé had slipped to the floor when she fainted and it was apparently empty. A moment later, Torio and Sosen were carrying their light burden rapidly over the road leading to Kyoto's maze of streets.

VI.

The "House of the Golden Heart" is still the most famous house in the Yoshiwara of Kyoto, and Okamisan remains its guiding star. But Prince Korin comes there no longer, and Okamisan tells her patrons how he was treated infamously by a country girl, who disappeared suddenly one afternoon, aided by the great geisha, Maiko, whose powerful friends saved her from due punishment. Some say that Maiko obtained Prince Korin's pardon on his return to Kyoto at the conclusion of a wonderful masked dance; others that the Englishmen had something to do with it, and kept him from executing summary judgment upon the runaways, who were discovered and brought in chains before him. The story is never told twice in the same way.

One thing is certain: Torio and Dédé have now disappeared, and are never seen in Kyoto, and never seen in the house at the lake's side where Murasaki still prays to the god who dwells amid the *gohai* in the Shinto Temple across the water. If anybody knows how the lovers fare, it is Maiko; but when you ask her about them, she smiles and says no word.



"You are sad," said the little lady.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE mechanical part of "The Little French Milliner," at the Avenue Theatre, is capital, and, if the dialogue were as witty as the walls and the players acted as well as the machinery, the version of "Coralie et Cie." would be very, very amusing; but they are not. It seems quite a pity that such a funny matter as the room which,

on the mere pressure of a button, changes its character and appearance should be only an element in the mass of complications on which the latest deodorised French farce is based. Moreover, it is regrettable that such a truly comical piece of acting as the Mr. Coralie and Co. of Mr. Robb Harwood should not find a fresher setting. Yet one must admit that the piece causes a good deal of laughter, and may well enjoy success if the players will take it with more life and vigour and a lighter touch. On several occasions lately one has been tempted to ask what has become of the farcical spirit in acting. Some, no doubt, displayed it, such as Miss Trevelyan, the soubrette, but most seem to forget that a



MISS VERA BERINGER,
PLAYING KATE CAGNEY IN "THE GREAT MILLIONAIRE,"
ON TOUR.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

farce must go with a whirl, and that even knockabout business does not necessarily give an idea of movement. Certainly Miss Alexander played prettily till her part became rather complicated, and Miss Zerbini was effective in a Sophie Larkin style, whilst Miss Maud Hobson showed a sense of acting which, I think, she has never exhibited before. Perhaps the system of having a great many characters with fairly good parts to play causes some of the trouble; certainly, as a rule, the farces with only a few good parts are the most entertaining and get the best acting. It may be very ingenious to keep half-a-dozen plots going at once and handle a dozen people, but the result is rather fatiguing, and one spends too much time in finding out and remembering "who's which."

MISS RUTH BENSON, who plays the American Octoroon in "The Little French Milliner," at the Avenue Theatre, is



MISS RUTH BENSON,
WHO PLAYS THE AMERICAN OCTOROON IN "THE LITTLE
FRENCH MILLINER," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photograph by White, New York.

an American actress who made her first success as the girl in "The Cat and the Cherub," when that play was produced here at the Lyric Theatre by her husband, Mr. Holbrook Blinn. Later on, Miss Benson was engaged to play the Spanish girl in "Don Juan," with Mr. Martin Harvey; and, last summer, created the part of the Indian girl in Captain Basil Hood's play, "The Great Silence," which was produced at the Coronet Theatre. She is a daughter of Major Benson, of the United States Army, a distinguished officer in the American frontier troubles with the Indians, and though she is entirely devoted to England as Home, she made two trips over the Atlantic last year to visit her parents in California.

MR. PHILIP YORKE,

who has just taken over the General Management of the Tivoli Theatre of Varieties in the Strand, and who was until recently the Acting-Manager at the Palace Theatre (where he had been for over four years), under the veteran Charles Morton, has had a varied experience in the musical and dramatic profession which should eminently fit him for so responsible a position. As a musician, an operatic vocalist, and an actor, he has met with considerable success; but it is as a Manager that he has reached the highest pinnacle. Mr. Morton expresses his opinion that "There is no one I could mention so capable of managing a place of public amusement." Mr. Yorke's policy will be a bright entertainment, with refinement. He enters upon his new duties with the good wishes of the majority of London amusement-seekers. His latest venture was the bringing over of Sousa and his Band to England, which venture will be remembered as the greatest boom, from an advertising point of view, that the present generation has witnessed.

MISS NETHERSOLE'S
NEW VENTURE.

Although those strange playgoers who love what may be called "the play of the shady lady" may be somewhat upset by the imminent removal of "The Girl from Maxim's" from the Criterion, these playgoers may take heart of grace from the fact that yet another not too utterly immaculate heroine will presently be in our midst. This heroine is the one who appears in the adaptation of Alphonse Daudet's story called "Sapho." The adaptation, prepared by the American dramatist, Mr. Clyde Fitch, for the English actress, Miss Olga Nethersole, is to be introduced to London audiences at the Adelphi some time in the "merrie month of May." The venture is Miss Nethersole's own, and she has secured from Mr. Tom B. Davis a short lease of this theatre for the purpose of trying the piece in this country. There is, as Mr. Gilbert would say, not a probable, possible shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever, that the London version of "Sapho" will be—nay, will have to be—a much modified form of the play produced in America. That version, if all sorts of reports may be trusted, caused many alarms and excursions in sundry States of the Union.

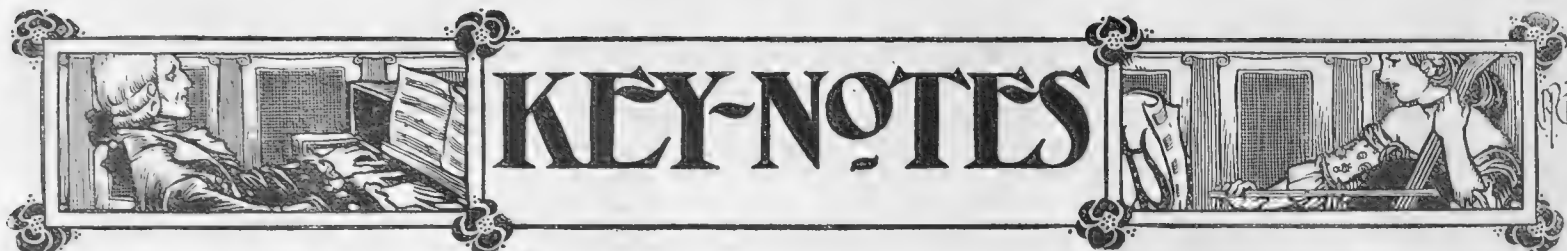
DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE AT BRIGHTON.

The dramatic performance and concert got up last week by Lady Isabella Stewart, Lady Harvey, and others at the Pavilion, Brighton, was a great success, and the Waifs and Strays must have considerably benefited by a crowded house. Amongst those present were Sir Percy and Lady Oxenden, Sir Robert Farquhar, Lady Isabella Stewart and her niece, Mrs. Gilbert-Smith, Lady Dorothy Lee Warner, Sir Charles and Lady Harvey, Mrs. Campbell Walker, and Colonel and Mrs. Graham Toler. Miss Harvey made a "hit" with her acting; so, too, did Mrs. Gilbert-Smith with her violin-playing.



MR. PHILIP YORKE, THE NEW MANAGER OF
THE TIVOLI.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wignmore Street, W.



MADAME LIZA LEHMANN has rightly earned so much distinction by her song-cycle, "The Daisy-Chain," that she was wisely advised to follow it up by such a similar series as that which she calls "More Daisies," and which was produced for the first time at a Sunday League Concert at the Queen's Hall on the 6th inst. It was sung by Miss Evangeline Florence, Madame Marian McKenzie, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan. Madame

Lehmann has the prettiest of talents; she has humour of a most delicate order, and a sense of melody that is extremely refined and individual. Obviously, too, her musical feeling gains by her sense of literature, for it was clear that the finer the poem was which she handled, the more admirable was its setting. The charming songs which she chose from R. L. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" were accordingly the best of the series, which was sung extremely well by the artists already mentioned, and with every humorous point admirably brought out. Its future success should be altogether assured.



MISS PHYLLIS GREY, ONE OF MR. GEORGE EDWARDES'S NEW RECRUITS.

Photograph by Lottie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

The American invasion has touched Sydenham, and Independence Day (July 4) will come in for rattling celebrations at the Crystal Palace. Among these is to be noticed a grand concert on the Handel Festival scale. Three thousand performers, under Mr. August Manns, will take part in the concert, and that noble Coronation Anthem of Handel's, "Zádok the Priest," will be given under these impressive conditions. American vocalists who have attained deserved eminence will be engaged in the solo-parts.

Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus has given a concert at the St. James's Hall, and proved himself to be, if not exactly a player of exceptionally brilliant parts, at all events a highly accomplished and most useful musician. His Mendelssohn playing, for example, was of considerably greater value than was his Schumann playing, a significant enough contrast. Whether Mr. Backhaus will take rank among the first-rate players of the time one may be permitted to entertain doubts, but there is no doubt that he is a highly commendable player, with a sound and excellent method.

The German Reeds are with us once more, and St. George's Hall is again the home of pleasant drama, of agreeable music, of country cousins, of afternoon-tea, of pale young curates—in fact, of all the paraphernalia of milk, midgets, and roses. The little opera, "Charity Begins at Home," by Mr. Alfred Cellier and Mr. B. G. Stephenson, was very prettily performed. Miss Leonora Braham (what a time it seems since the present writer saw her in the original production of "Patience," at the old Opéra-Comique!) took the part of Mrs. Bumpus, and seemed to bid defiance to any such casual phenomenon known to mortals by the name of Time. Mr. Roper Lane, Mr. Avalon Collard, Mr. Griffith Humphreys, and Miss Tresilian Davy took the remaining parts in the work with remarkable gaiety and high spirits. Mr. Humphreys, too, one may note, followed in the footsteps of the late Mr. Corney Grain very cleverly in the sketch which he entitled "Tea and Tennis."

Music under such peculiar and elevating circumstances as distinguished the Memorial Service held at St. Paul's on Thursday as a

tribute to Cecil Rhodes cannot, of course, legitimately come into any chapter of critical discussion; but one may be permitted, perhaps, to remark upon the excellence of the band of the Coldstream Guards in its playing of the Dead March in "Saul." It would be difficult to think of anything more tremendous than the sound of the rolling drums as it filled these vast spaces and seemed to make the very building vocal and articulate. Mr. Rogan is an admirable and most efficient conductor, and knows how to extract every ounce of efficiency from his musical forces. Indeed, the military bands of this country are nearly always of such excellent merit that a discussion upon their virtues might well at any time afford matter for an interesting musical causerie. The band of the Coldstream Guards, however, is clearly so brilliantly accomplished that it deserves all the public praise (and far more) which these few words can assign to it.

Shall we ever hear the end of discussions on National Music? Ever since Wagner first set the ball of controversy on the subject rolling abroad (and in his own work so successfully contrived to combat all his own theories), the world has been inundated with talk on a subject the value of the philosophy of which is more than problematical. The confusion of the matter is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that the music of a nation is too often confounded with the totally different idea of the music of "the folk." The music of a nation must be taken to represent the final and consummate flower of a nation's genius. In this sense, Wagner or Mozart may be taken as representative of a nation's musical power; the music of "the folk" may be the ocean-bed upon which the great waters rest, but the worthlessness for the most part of these rude efforts shows definitely how poor a thing "folk" music essentially is. The tendency of "folk" music may be towards great things; but in the same spirit you may say that the tendency of the monkey is towards the ultimate evolution of man. The parallel is strictly accurate.

COMMON CHORD.

MISS PHYLLIS GREY.

Miss Phyllis Grey's portrait speaks for itself as to the personal charms of this one of Mr. George Edwardes's new recruits. An attractive brunette of twenty-two, she has a mezzo-contralto voice of good compass and much sweetness, which she has learned how to use under the capable instruction of Mrs. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Frank Celli. During last season, Miss Grey sang at various London concerts most successfully, and, if the Fates prove reasonably kind, she should soon make her way on the lyric stage.



MR. HERBERT BUNNING, COMPOSER OF "LA PRINCESSE OIRA"

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

MR. HERBERT BUNNING.

Musicians will look forward with interest to the production at Covent Garden early in July of a new opera from the pen of an Englishman. Mr. Herbert Bunning, the composer of "La Princesse Osra" (the story has been taken from one of the incidents in Anthony Hope's pretty fantasia, "The Heart of Princess Osra"), was privately heard at a special audition at which M. Messager was present some weeks ago. The production of "La Princesse Osra" will be one fraught with special interest, owing to the fact that it will probably be the only new opera written by an English musician to be given at Covent Garden during the Coronation Season.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Night-Riding—A Story of Carelessness—In Praise of Trailers—That Stupid "Six Miles an Hour."

Time to light up: Wednesday, April 16, 7.56; Thursday, 7.57; Friday, 7.59; Saturday, 8; Sunday, 8.2; Monday, 8.4; Tuesday, 8.6.

This is just the time of year when a cyclist who has no claim to be a night-rider may be caught by darkness. A pleasant evening leads him farther into the country than he originally contemplated, and he is obliged to make a wild dash home to avoid the risk of falling within the clutches of the police for riding without a light. It is possible enough he may have a lamp attached to his wheel, but, as he hardly ever uses it, likely enough it may be neglected.

I speak with some feeling on this matter, because only the other night I was caught through my own carelessness. Most scribes who write about cycling have a special brand of infallibility, so that they always do the right thing, and are ever prepared to instruct others to

to great advantage in taking one's wife or sister, or, indeed, anybody who happens not to be strong enough to cycle, for a pleasant spin in the country. Now that motor-bicycles have "caught on," trailers should be a recognised accessory. A man on his motor-bicycle with his wife taking her ease in the trailer behind suggests luxury indeed.

You should bear in mind, however, that, if you use a motor-bicycle with a trailer attached, the Inland Revenue people will come upon you to pay a two-guinea licence. Then there is some silly Light Locomotives Act by which authorities claim that a motor with a trailer fastened is not allowed to journey more than six miles an hour. This is stupid, though magistrates are beginning to fine offenders who are guilty of nothing more wicked than travelling at eight or ten miles an hour. I remember once hearing the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge declare that English law was common sense. Sometimes we laymen are inclined to doubt it. However, I do think magistrates, instead of sticking to the letter, would do themselves more justice, as sensible men, if they recognised the spirit of the law. The Light Locomotives Act was directed not so much against seven miles an hour as against excessive speed. Circumstances alter cases, and a motor nowadays



MRS. LANGTRY MOTORING IN BATTERSEA PARK.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

do likewise. Alas, I am but a human cyclist, and, occasionally, I find myself doing what for years I have urged should be avoided. So with my lamp the other night. I started to ride home from a friend's house in the dark, but had not travelled a couple of hundred yards before the light faded and went out. Then I remembered—which I should have remembered before and rectified—that my lamp had not been lit for three weeks, and that I had changed neither the oil nor wick for over a month. The consequence was I was reduced to the ignominy of having to hire a cab to take me and my mount home, because I had no relish for a five-mile tramp through London streets at one o'clock in the morning.

Now, if a constant rider like myself may have a lapse of this sort, I fancy there are a good many others who are guilty of the same negligence. Particularly would I caution those folks who go out for an evening's spin and expect to be back before dark to see that their lamps are in order, whether they intend to use them or not. The oil should be frequently renewed, and every month or so a fresh wick should be inserted. The exercise of a little thought often saves the cyclist a deal of trouble.

Trailers will probably be popular this season. The best ones are exquisitely made and run so smoothly they do not give very much additional work to the cyclist, except, of course, when there is a hill to be mounted, and then it is well to walk. A trailer can be utilised

on the road travelling at twenty miles an hour may be far safer and more easily stopped than a road-locomotive of a past generation that could get up a top-speed of six miles. That, I think, is the common-sense view of interpreting the law.

J. F. F.

MRS. LANGTRY AS A MOTORIST.

With an actress so thoroughly in "the movement" as is Mrs. Langtry, an automobile is a necessity. The one used by her on her daily journeys between Tedworth Square and the Imperial Theatre is of the famous "Singer" pattern, and contains all the latest improvements. It was on view at the recent Automobile Exhibition in Paris, where it attracted considerable attention and was awarded one of the chief prizes that were competed for on that occasion. An exact replica of Mrs. Langtry's motor has, by the way, just been made for Her Majesty the Queen. The nightly arrival at and departure from the Imperial Theatre of Mrs. Langtry in her automobile is a source of considerable interest to a curious crowd. The other evening, this interest was carried to a quite unauthorised length by one of the spectators. It appears that, the vehicle being left unguarded for a moment outside the stage-door, a member of the crowd jumped on to the chauffeur's seat and started the driving-gear. Before the motor could be brought to a standstill, he had enjoyed a surreptitious ride as far as the St. James's Park District Railway-station.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Epsom.

The Epsom Spring Meeting is one of the most popular of the earlier meetings. The majority of the Cockney sportsmen lay themselves out to do the fixture, and the gathering is one that should interest the foreigners in our midst, as it is typical of an open race-meeting. In the hope that His Majesty the King will be present, many members of the nobility have arranged to be in town for the gathering, and I am told the caterers are laying themselves out to provide for a record crowd. As at Sandown, the catering is done by the Racecourse Management, and it is well done, too. The cooking is good, the wines are excellent, and the waiting—a big consideration, by-the-bye—is perfect. Beneath the Stands are large kitchens and huge cellars, and on race-days *chefs* of high standing are employed to supervise the preparation of the dainty luncheons set before Royalty and the dwellers in the boxes and the Club Stands. The charges are steep, but people expect to pay a good price for a good article, and the Epsom Managers are well advised in keeping up their standard of excellence in the matter of food and drink. The alterations made in the Stands for the reception of our King and Queen are now nearing completion, and everything will be voted perfect by the time set for the meeting to commence. The race-track is covered with herbage, and owners need not hesitate for an instant to run their horses at the meeting. Mr. H. M. Dorling believes in thoroughness. He has the course tended every day the year round. The result is that we get good going at Epsom when it is often execrable elsewhere.

Speculation on the City and Suburban has been of a lively order, and I should say that any horse engaged might easily have been backed to win, say, £20,000 or £30,000. The class of the horses engaged is a bit above the average for handicaps, and we may, I think, confidently look forward to seeing a great race. Pride of place in the betting is, as a matter of course, held by my old champion, Volodyovski. He is said to have wintered well, and he has retained his fine turn of speed. I think Mr. Whitney's horse was desperately unlucky when he was beaten by William the Third at Hurst Park last year, while with a clear course he ought to have won the St. Leger easily from Doricles. "Voly" performed splendidly when coming down the hill in the race for the Derby, and I think he will do the same in the race for the City and Suburban next week. Of the other horses engaged in the race, I like Epsom Lad and The Solicitor; the last-named is a "going to be." He has been a disappointment up to now, but he showed by his running in the Lincoln Handicap that he had not lost his speed. The pick of Darling's lot, which is said to be Dundonald, will go close, but I shall stand on Volodyovski to win, and I think The Solicitor will get a place. There were only twenty-nine horses left in the Great Metropolitan after the acceptances were declared, but the majority of the "contents" have been doing long

work, and the race will, as usual, be highly charged with interest. Black Sand, Carabine, and Mannlicher have been well backed on the Continental list. Taking the running in the Manchester November Handicap as a guide, I shall vote for Carabine, and I should not be in the least surprised were the hurdle-racer, Mr. Quilp, to run into a place.

Jockeys.

We have more boys riding this year than have been seen in the saddle for a long time. Many of the leading American jockeys are riding in France this season, and it can be taken for granted that good sport will be seen on the Continent, but their gain will be our loss. In my opinion, some of our capable riders are not over-scrupulous, while many of our scrupulous riders are not capable. Up to now, the book has, generally speaking, come badly undone, and many of the results have been simply amazing. I fully agree with the 5 lb. allowance for apprentices, but I would only grant it on the condition that the boy did his best every time to get off well, and that, too, whether he were riding the top or the bottom weight.

I suppose, sooner or later, the Marconi system will be tried on our racecourses. It would save the Post Office authorities a lot of money which they expend now in sending instruments from course to course. But the telephone would take a lot of beating; messages come up over the trunk-lines from the Manchester and Liverpool meetings like a shot out of a gun, and it really surprises one at times how it can be done so quickly. Twenty years ago, special wires were used by the Tape Companies from Epsom, Croydon, Sandown, and Kempton, and under that system it was possible to know more of what was going on at the scene of action than did nineteen out of every twenty of the occupants of the Grand Stand.

CAPTAIN COE.



SCENE OF THE FOOTBALL DISASTER AT GLASGOW ON SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

Photograph by Langfier, London and Glasgow.

THE GLASGOW DISASTER.

The disaster at Ibrox Park, Govan, by which over a score of people lost their lives and some two hundred and fifty were injured, will assuredly rank as one of the most terrible in the records of sport. The details of the catastrophe have been so fully given by my daily contemporaries that it is needless for me to dilate upon them here. With regard, however, to the above photograph of the wreckage of the terracing which collapsed under the strain put upon it by the "sway" of the crowd, it may be noted that the latter has a circumference of nearly one-third of a mile and was calculated to afford standing-room for thirty-three thousand spectators. The wrecked portion is as nearly as possible eighty feet by thirteen and covered the space between six of the supporting iron pillars. This same "sway," in the estimation of some, at all events, came perilously near causing a similar disaster at the great lacrosse match witnessed by the Prince and Princess of Wales during their recent tour of the Colonies. The most stringent regulations for the construction of Coronation Stands are now likely to be enforced.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IF it is a truism of the most worn-out order to remark that anticipations are rarely realised, the lugubrious fact was dismally impressed afresh on homeward-bound voyagers who found themselves in Paris last week as fresh arrivals from the Riviera. A land of sunshine and flower-filled atmosphere was regrettably left behind for



[Copyright.]

A RACE-COAT OF SULPHUR CLOTH TRIMMED WITH CRIMSON FOULARD

the exchanged rigours of the "Gare du Nord" in a whistling north-east wind which saved the top off one's nose and attacked the very foundations of one's temper all at once. Even the immediately forthcoming consolations of the couturières' salons seemed a poor interchange for the delicious warmth, the hot sunshine, and the gaily coloured gardens of the vanished South. It augured ill, moreover, for the familiar dismalness of London in blizzard and all the concomitant horrors which attend our climatic régime at home. Still, as one cannot sit for ever under a flower-crowned hedge by the blue Mediterranean, the next best thing, one was consoled in reflecting, would appear to be the annexation of flower-crowned hats from tasteful Lutetia. I accordingly set to work at this business of compensation as soon as the atmospheric disappointments had time to settle. The principal dressmakers were everywhere eager to know if the coming Coronation was producing the proper amount of sartorial commotion amongst the dressmakers of perfidious Albion. Up to the present, its effect on Parisian costumiers has not been noticeably different from other years. Great expectations had been formed, and now it would seem that comparisons are being instituted between the present comparative stagnation in all trades and the excitement and activity that prevailed when the first Napoleon put the diadem on the head of

his beautiful Créole. D'Allemagne is remembered, amongst others, as an instance of the general prosperity. He was a famous embroiderer of those days, and, besides decorating the Emperor's cloak, is said to have taken orders for the embroidery of a thousand gowns, while the Court jewellers, sword-makers, hairdressers, and the endless other array of merchants and tradespeople were "beside themselves," to quote the journals of the time, with the number of orders that came thronging in from all parts.

I had a glimpse of one gown which has been ordered for the first Court Ball of this Season. It is of the palest pink satin, with five tulle flounces, each edged with a fancy ruching of pink and white gauze ribbon. Long sprays of tiny pink roses are arranged on the bodice and at the left side of the Court-train, which is of pink satin veiled in silk mousseline, on which a very light design of pink rosebuds is embroidered in floss-silk. Tulle ruchings edge the entire train, which is lined with shot pink and white satin, and a splendid ceinture of pink coral and emeralds surrounds the waist. Another exquisite dress, of pale-mauve panne, has its Court-train lined with the faintest shade of "ciel" blue. Folds of mousseline-de-soie in the two colours edge the train, and are held in place by tiny Watteau wreaths of pink roses. A petticoat made entirely of white tulle has a fringe of these roses at the foot, the same being arranged in dainty posies on the sleeves and bodice. All Court-trains, by the way, are four yards long and upwards. They can be either square or oval, and taper very much to the top, where they join the left shoulder. One of the prettiest possible costumes, for a young girl, is made in the most delicious white Alençon over clouds of white mousseline-de-soie. The train is



[Copyright.]

GOWN OF BLUE VOILE AND GREEN VELVET RIBBONS.

fastened on the shoulder with an immense diamond buckle, and another clasps the waist. The under-dress is of white damask, with its Louis Quinze bows outlined in turquoise and diamonds. Enormous

pendants of diamonds and other stones in combination are being arranged for the gala occasions of this year, by the way.

The jewellers call these portentous arrangements "Girandole," and they certainly resemble in shape those embellishments of the early Victorian drawing-room, and will, no doubt, blaze with great effect on the ample proportions of many a dowager, though the light and graceful styles which are now more in favour with young married women and girls are greatly superior in elegance. Outdoor dresses are luxuriously extravagant, and it is foretold that we shall all be rioting in real lace at our "drums" and garden-parties this Season. Delicate lace of Malines, effective Point de Paris, the highly decorative Irish crochet and guipure, closely worked Milanese, Venetian, Genoese, and Flemish laces have, besides, a tremendous vogue; and there is the Point d'Angleterre in which the patriotic can becomingly and unextravagantly indulge to her heart's content on day-gown, parasol, and petticoat alike.

Detached "motifs" are equally in requisition, particularly in Irish point, and these exquisite morsels of lace, taking the form of dragon-fly, butterfly, bee, Louis Quinze bow, and other shapes, go to the making-up of our extravagantly detailed bodices. Marabout feathers are worked up into clever devices with lace and ostrich-feathers as neck garnitures by French milliners, but the boa of our past affections appears no more in the modish altogether.

The newest of all the smart tea-rooms appears to draw everybody to an upper floor at 215, Piccadilly, where, under the style and title of "The Cottage Tea-Rooms," a quite unique environment of the "five o'clock" bursts forth on an admiring world. The decorations here may, indeed, be called the apotheosis of domestic art, and are a credit to those who devised and accomplished them. One can realise here, while absorbing excellent China tea and real home-made scones, how inexpressibly charming a little country-house might be if treated in an equally original and picturesque scheme.

Some kind persons bid us to dinner at Prince's a few evenings since, and it was pleasant to see the pretty gowns and cheery faces at every table. Lord Howick had a party, and Sir James Malcolm was with friends, while the pretty young Countess Zhyzowski wore one of the new-shaped tiaras in rubies and diamonds, with a rose-coloured chiffon gown, most effectively.

One returns to town and finds more than the usual spring outbreak of ladders and paint-pots outside every house; while, to bring the interiors to the same level of smooth and shining cleanliness, a great consumption of the invaluable "Aspinall" will, no doubt, be resorted to later, when the sun comes and puts out our fires. I have discovered that Aspinall has invented a combined stain and polish which converts a shabby floor into a mirror-like surface, and dries, moreover, in half-an-hour. The transformation of base deal or pine by its means into precious mahogany, walnut, or satin-wood is nothing short of wonderful. It might, in fact, be called the philosopher's stone of modern magic as applied to our twentieth-century requirements.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

HOUSEWIFE (Buxton).—Your cook makes a labour of a very simple duty, evidently. Most mistresses require scones or hot cakes for tea nowadays. Her labours will be lightened by using *Royal Baking-Powder*, which is the original one, and, I think, the best.

SYBIL.



THE SPECIAL READING AND LENDING LIBRARY FOR BLIND READERS,

WHICH HAS BEEN OPENED AT THE ST. GEORGE LIBRARY OF THE STEPNEY COUNCIL, WHERE THEY HAVE 400 VOLUMES IN MOON TYPE. THE COUNCIL ARE ANXIOUS TO PURCHASE BOOKS IN BRAILLE TYPE AND SOME CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Flashlight Photograph by Shield, Clapham Park, S.W.

BRONZE BUST OF CECIL RHODES.

Elkington and Co., Limited, have just completed a very fine bust in bronze of the late Cecil Rhodes, from special sittings given by him during his last visit to London. The bust, which is admitted by



BRONZE BUST OF THE LATE CECIL RHODES.

those who knew him best to be a most speaking and pleasing likeness of the great statesman, is now on view at Messrs. Elkington's Galleries, 22, Regent Street, S.W.

GIPSY LEE, THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

In our issue of March 12 last, we published an interview with a lady represented to us as the well-known and long-standing "Gipsy Lee," of the Devil's Dyke, near Brighton; and we, also, with the same article, reproduced a photograph of the lady.

We are satisfied that the contributor who furnished us with the details of the interview, and with the illustration, was led into a mistake, inasmuch as the lady whose portrait appeared in our paper is, we find from inquiries we have since made, not the original "Gipsy Lee" who for many years has been well known to visitors at the Devil's Dyke, but another "Gipsy Lee" who has only been carrying on her business in the same neighbourhood for the last two or three years. The biography we were able to give of the famous fortune-teller was, we understand, in nearly all its particulars absolutely accurate, and applicable to the original "Gipsy Lee"; and we regret extremely that our correspondent should have made the mistake of furnishing us with a photograph of a different person.

The quaint and growing town of Watford was quite *en fête* a few nights ago, on account of a couple of performances given by the local Dramatic Society. These were in aid of the Watford District Hospital and the Watford District Nurse Fund, and the place was the large Clarendon Hall, just off the ancient town's ancient High Street. A new play, entitled "Found on the Veldt," had been specially written by Mr. McGrath Compton, who displayed much skill in dialogue-writing and characterisation. The second Act, laid in South Africa, contained a good deal of strength. Among the amateur histrions who chiefly distinguished themselves were Messrs. H. Newte, M. A. Robertson, J. L. Watt, M. Arnold, and A. E. E. Edwards, Misses F. A. Hill, McGrath Compton, and C. I. Andre, and Mrs. Monro. There was an excellent amateur orchestra and some clever amateur scene-painting.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 23.

THE POSITION.

BEFORE these lines are in the hands of our readers, one bogey which has been overshadowing the market will be disposed of.

In ordinary times the Budget does not exercise any very important influence on the Stock Exchange; but in these days, when increased taxation and heavy borrowing may be considered as assured, the financial statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has for the last six weeks been hanging over the City like a nightmare. All sorts of rumours have been flying about, and scarcely a single big industry has escaped the pernicious influence of uncertainty as to its future. Tea, sugar, timber, and a host of other imports have been cleared from bond in haste by nervous traders, while Consols and other high-class securities have been depressed by fear of the new borrowings increasing the amount of available stock. Probably the reality will be less harmful than the anticipation, and, at any rate, we shall get the uncertainties cleared away.

Whether our readers by the time they get their *Sketch* will be much wiser than we are at the moment of writing, as to the prospects of peace, we do not know; one thing is certain, they cannot be more in the dark. At the instant it is the fashion to be optimistic—a view which we do not altogether share. If it were only the Transvaalers with whom we had to deal, we should feel quite happy, but Mr. Steyn and De Wet will, we fear, be found, as ever, demanders of impossible terms. It suits the Stock Exchange to hope for the best, but the public will be wise to wait for some definite indication of the success of the negotiations before taking a hand in any fresh deal.

While matters are, both as to the Budget and as to Peace, in the stage of uncertainty, it is useless for us to attempt to forecast the course of events or prices.

A FLAT-TRAP.

We would warn our readers against a concern which is circularising broadcast under the high-sounding name of the British Investors Underwriting Corporation, Limited, and trying to induce unsuspecting persons to purchase the shares of the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company. The very audacity of the claims put forward ought to condemn the latest Yankee flat-catcher. It is supposed to possess a "basic" patent for wireless telegraphy, without which no system can be successfully operated. Poor Mr. Marconi must, if you please, obtain a licence from this touting concern! The "basic" patent was granted in 1886, or just sixteen years ago, while the life of a patent is only fourteen years! In other words, it has expired over two years; but that is, of course, a matter of detail. We hope no reader of these columns will be gulled by such a silly goose-trap.

THE HOME RAILWAY OUTLOOK.

Already Yerkessed and Perksed, the District Railway is now to be Speyered, and the clique working at the stock finds no difficulty in raising the price in the limited market which exists. There is but two and a-quarter millions sterling in District Ordinary, and the last time it received a dividend was twenty years ago. We may fairly assume that a very considerable part of the two and a-quarter millions is in the hands of the Yerkes following. The very comprehensive scheme for "tubing" the Metropolis which that division is understood to have on hand, financed by Messrs. Speyer Brothers, will probably be used as a lever for still further advancing the price of District Ordinary, and the immediate prospect is brighter for this than for almost any other Home Railway stock. Metropolitan Consolidated should receive fresh attention before long; the price has hung fire for months past, but, notwithstanding the traffic-decrease to date of £3594, the market will probably discover fresh bullish elements in electrification long before the first train starts on its trial-trip over the altered track. Of the Trade lines, the Great Western shows the best results, up to the present, for the current half-year, and it is followed at some distance by the Midland, with a published traffic-increase of £56,092 to date. The North-Western figures of £26,000 cannot be called brilliant, but they move in the right direction, and of themselves are not responsible for the dulness upon which the Home Railway Market has fallen. Lack of business, of support, of cheery items of any sort, must be accounted the causes for this dreary state of affairs. That it cannot last eternally we need hardly add, but any prophecy of better prices postulates a return of public investment and speculation, which are at present conspicuous by their absence. But worms and Home Rails will turn, and the latter, perhaps, more quickly than, judging from the

dull state of the market, some may think possible. Even now the dry bones are beginning to rattle in consequence of the Peace reports.

TOPICAL INDUSTRIALS.

Business in the Miscellaneous Market looks somewhat healthier than it generally does, and orders are coming along in quite respectable numbers. This, too, despite the renewed dormancy of Yankee Brewery shares and the narrow scope for speculation afforded by the Tobacco War. In the former department the demand which sprang up six weeks ago for American Beer has died away for the present, but we may mention that several important "pooling-of-interests" agreements have lapsed within the last few days, and new developments will be awaited with interest. A good deal of business is being done in 'Bus stock and London Road Car shares, on the prospect of a working arrangement being come to between the principal omnibus proprietors in the Metropolis. Could this be brought about, the industry should benefit tremendously during the heat of the coming festive season. The present system of "overlapping routes" is utterly indefensible. It hardly seems a time to sell 'Bus descriptions, despite the higher quotations. Usually a staid and decorous share, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa Preference has suddenly awakened to liveliness, and a number have changed hands in the neighbourhood of 15s.; they are 6 per cent. cumulative Preference shares. Refreshment shares maintain their prices, and Slaters, that old favourite of ours, are a particularly good market on the news that the Company is about to take a branch in Throgmorton Street. The Aërated Bread Company is advertising seats to view the Coronation procession from some of its shops, and, if well supported, this scheme should add a snug sum to the half-year's takings. Lyons' are still talked to 10, although the Company's restaurant in Throgmorton Street is keenly alive to the decline of business in the Stock Exchange.

Harrod's, owing to the new issue, are inclined to ease off, and a similar process is observable in Vickers. At anything between 2½ and 2¾, the last-named look a good speculative investment.

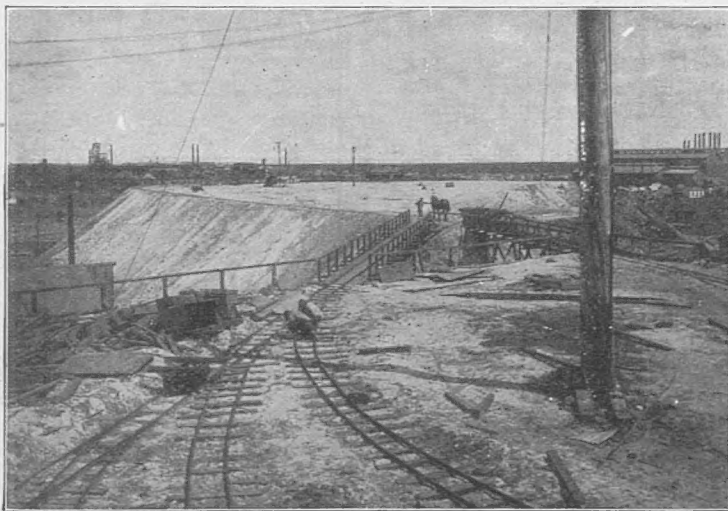
ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Troublesome man, Sir Michael! The original date fixed for introduction of the Budget would have suited very nicely the papers which appear in the middle of the week, but, having waxed indisposed (and that without consultation with the aforesaid journals), we have to postpone consideration of his production until the subject will have become trite and old to our readers. Really, I think Sir Michael might have been a little more thoughtful, all things considered. Writing on the eve of the event, it seems probable that the Budget will hardly help Consols and their satellites to any extent for a while, unless it should be revealed that no new borrowing will be made, which appears to be a thing impossible. But, after all, of what use is it to discuss Budget forecasts when the actual figures will, perhaps, be made known before these lines are presented to a waiting world? Let us turn from speculation to investment.

General, tacit agreement is raising the return which buyers expect to obtain on Home Railway stocks, and nowadays 3½ per cent. is thought none too high a rate of yield to require from securities which, four or five years ago, were cheerfully bought up to the 3 per cent. limit. Doubtful as it is whether even more than 3½ may not come to be demanded for Home Railway Ordinary stocks, the cheapness of Central London Preferred and Ordinary should appeal to the many who are attracted to this department. Both classes of stock yield about £3 16s. per cent. on the money, and, although it was declared six months ago that the "Twopenny Tube" was working to the full extent of its capacity, the traffic receipts continue to expand, and are over £7000 above last year's take for the first quarter of the twelvemonth. Central London Ordinary was over 110 not so long ago, and, in view of the enormous traffic which must come to the line this summer—I resist all temptation to speak of a celebration whose mention is already tiring to our ears—the line might do so well as to justify that price being reached again. The Preferred stock looks cheaper than anything else of the same description in the market. Of course, the coming developments, which will more than double the line if carried out, are the "x" in the problem, and there are many who think, justifiably enough, that the Board should have let well alone, without embarking on new projects the payability of which is at least doubtful. But, even with this nigger in the hedge, the stocks possess every prospect of improvement.

A curious and suggestive side-light is thrown on the Tobacco Tussle by the appearance of Mr. Thomas Ogden's name as the buyer on transfers of Albert Baker shares. When one remembers how the Baker Company, with such apparently unnecessary vehemence, forswore the goods of the Imperial Tobacco Trust, one begins to feel inquisitive as to the reason of the move. Can it be that these transfers explain it? Evidently the move is one to be counted in the war, else why should the name be passed in full of Mr. Thomas Ogden, of some address near Liverpool, Tobacco Manufacturer? Albert Bakers are round about 17s. 6d., and a bad market at that, and the reason for the recent attempt to issue more capital at a premium when the old shares stood at a discount is still unexplained. One would now like to know who underwrote those new shares. Imperial Preference keep in the near neighbourhood of eighteenpence premium, about a florin lower than the price touched prior to the issue of the allotment-letters. I fancy that the Imperial treated its friends a wee bit too generously over that allotment, and the consequence was that an unexpected number of shares came to market. The Miscellaneous Market thinks it a pity that there are no shares in its list which may be made the subject of gambling over the Tobacco War. Salmon, with their 10 per cent. guarantee, are worthless as speculations. "Baccy" issues are just as bad; and who would dream of speculating in Albert Bakers? What astonishes me in the matter of the war is the fact that the Trade seems to fail to recognise that both combinations are playing for money. Some American people, judged by what has just happened in Canada, are unscrupulous and utterly



LAKE VIEW CONSOLS: RESIDUES DUMP, SHOWING BRIDGES AND TRAM-LINES.

greedy. Yet many of the stupid people on this side seem to imagine that the Ogden offers are being made out of philanthropy. As to the Imperial Tobacco proposals, they are, of course, prompted by the necessity for cutting out the Yankees, and I think it may fairly be taken for granted that the firms comprising the combine would not dream of going to such lengths as, for instance, have been quite lately reached by an American Tobacco Trust in Canada. Of course, the Imperial Company committed a grave error in ever suggesting anything so un-British as a boycott, and the others were not slow to take advantage of the false step. I hold no brief for either side, being a mere ordinary smoker of the retail sort myself; but it is inconceivable, to my mind, how a wholesaler or retailer of the weed can expect to be anything but bled severely if he puts himself under the thumb of other parties, whatever number of gold watches may be offered now.

The Stock Exchange clerks' agitation against badge-wearing is in course of dying, although the rule comes up for confirmation on Monday, April 21. There is a good deal still to be said on both sides of the question, and the odds for and against the passing of the rule are pretty level. One aspect is somewhat overlooked. If unauthorised clerks are to wear a badge, that will dispose effectually of a lot of unauthorised dealing, such as goes on at the present time. Jobbers, in their haste to do business, are none too particular as to whether the fellow with whom they deal is authorised or not, and even a Committeeman, as a rule, will consent to deal with a clerk, knowing him to be unauthorised, so long as the clerk promises to take in a memorandum checking the bargain afterwards. It isn't right, and, though one may agree that the badge would be distasteful and humiliating, it must also be allowed that the rules of the House ought to be carried out, otherwise what is the good of having them? What seems a pity is that some better way of enforcing the law could not have been found.

PEACE!

As to Peace, we are very much in the same state as those dear old people in the eleventh century, at the time when the clergy were interfering in the incessant feuds between divers Barons. At the daily services in church a command was read to cease the strife and a string of maledictions against recalcitrants followed, which concluded with the words, "May they be accursed in the life that now is: and in that which is to come may their light be put out as a candle." Whereupon, the historians say, all the candles in the church were suddenly extinguished, and the congregation had to stumble out as painlessly as it could. So are we, at this time of writing, groping in the dark after the Peace which, bound to come sooner or later, seems too good a thing to be possible after the prolonged Transvaal campaign. Consols and Kaffirs, of course, appreciate the news most of all, but in the train of the former must Home Railways move, and, with the real restoration of Peace, there may quite possibly come a loosening of the investor's purse-strings, to the benefit of every department. It is urged that, as the relief of Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith was each followed by a relapse in the Kafir Market, so will it be when the olive-branch takes the place of the Maxim. But in those days there was no gold output to stimulate business, while here we have March contributing her quota of 104,127 ounces from the Transvaal. Then, the conclusion of the War was recognised as being indefinitely far away; now, Peace means immediate settlement of most of the open questions. In those days, nobody knew whether the mines were damaged or not, but now we have the confidence begotten of knowledge that few have suffered to any material extent.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

CHEAP COLONIALS.

There are some curious things about Colonial stocks at the present time which it should not be unprofitable to consider, especially for people with money to invest and who must (or think they must) have something gilt-edged to put it in. As most readers know, Colonial securities exist, putting Treasury bills on one side, in two forms, either as Bonds to Bearer or as Registered and Inscribed stocks. In both cases the security is the same, namely, the capacity of the particular Colony to repay the principal money at some future date, and meanwhile to pay interest at a specified rate. The difference between the two kinds of security is that Bearer Bonds are negotiable instruments, while Inscribed stock can only be transferred by transfer signed by the holder. For all the practical purposes of life, to borrow on or to realise at a moment's notice, Bearer Bonds are the most convenient; but they have one disadvantage—if they are stolen, the thief can confer a good title on a purchaser, and hence the majority of people who are Colonial security-holders prefer Inscribed stocks. The result is that, whereas, by judiciously purchasing Bearer Bonds, an investor can, on an average, get about £3 12s. 6d. per cent., the return in a like class of Inscribed stocks would be about £3 5s. per cent.

Another point worth considering is that a better return can be obtained on securities which have a short time to run than on those which will not be redeemed for a long period, and this, too, allowing for the loss on redemption. People, as a rule, dislike to buy for, say, 102 or 103, a four and a-half per cent. bond with four or five years to run, because it gives them the trouble of putting aside a small part of each interest-payment to provide for the two or three pounds that they will lose at the end of the period, when the bond is paid off at par. If the investor is willing to take this trouble, he can get from £3 15s. to £4 for his money, and, after all, the tax on his arithmetic is not so very severe. Space prevents our dealing with the subject in greater detail this week, but we hope to return to it in our next week's issue.

Saturday, April 12, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

GILT-EDGED.—If you will have British Government stock, War Loan at 98½ appears as good as anything. It will pay you over 3 per cent. We strongly advise you to buy Colonial bonds, and take advantage of the fact that they are cheaper than the Inscribed stocks. Fijian 4½ per cent. bonds, at 99 to 101, and Quebec 4½ 1919 bonds, at 102-104, appear to us the pick of the basket, or, perhaps, Queensland 4 per cent. bonds, at 103-4. See Note on Colonial Stocks.

VICAR.—See this week's "Notes." It is very foolish of you to ever read the circulars sent to you gratis.

P. J.—The fall in Sons of Gwalia was caused by a block of four thousand shares being sold in one day and by the silly circular issued by the Board. If the shares go lower, you might buy a few more to average.

O. S. A.—We can add no useful information to our last week's Note. The stuff is not the sort of thing for you to hold.

OUR HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.

A PAIR OF SIGNED ARTIST'S PROOFS FOR ONE GUINEA.



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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

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revised